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Week of April 16, 1944

Highlights to Charm

By David Wright
Distinguished British Artist

The Nail Polish

Gave Up Everything to Play Tarzan

MANY a strange yarn has come out of that sprawling, tangled stretch of South American jungle known as the Matto Grosso. But it will be a long time before anyone tops the story that emerged from this "green hell" a few weeks ago.

The teller of the tale is a corporal in the Brazilian Constabulary who was in charge of a frontier patrol. He and his men were camped for the night close by the Paraguayan border when the story burst upon them in the form of a tall, suntanned figure dressed in a jaguar skin and armed with a mean-looking spear of chonta wood.

When this living prototype of the Tarzan of fiction emerged from the trackless jungle to stand in the light of their campfire, the soldiers reached for their guns. Luckily there was not a nervous trigger finger among them.

It was when the corporal got back to headquarters and had written out his report of the incredible incident that a mystery of 26 years standing was cleared up.

"We had an Indian guide with us," said the jungle non-com, "and he heard the noise first. We slipped the safety catches on our guns and waited, wondering if a wild animal or a loco Indian was venturing into our camp. It was neither. The intruder was one of the biggest and huskiest men I have ever seen and he looked like something out of a book."

When the corporal asked the visitor who he was, the answer was slow in coming. The man was obviously having difficulty in framing his words. But when he did speak, it was plain that he was a person of education and refinement.

"The Indians," he said, "call me He-Who-Must-Be-Let-Alone but I am Lourenco Silva and I used to live in Manaos. I was in business there."

The corporal inquired how long ago that had been.

"Longer than you have lived," said the stranger. "I left Manaos in 1918. In the month of November it was."

When a Bronzed and Husky Real-Life Tarzan Stepped Out of the Shadows of the Trackless Jungle Into the Light of the Campfire, the Soldiers Reached for Their Guns.

"Mind telling us why?"

"Not at all," said the jungle giant, squatting by the fire and laying aside his wicked looking spear. "It's been a long time since I talked with civilized men."

The yarn that followed made the most exciting report that had ever gone into the records of the Brazilian Constabulary. It began with the real-life Tarzan's boyhood, when he used to dream of living alone in the forest.

After graduating from one of South America's best universities, marrying a girl of good family and inheriting his father's prosperous business in Manaos, the pleasant nightmares came back. He was 24 years old at the time.

"One night I awoke from one of these dreams," said the man, "and left my home, headed for the nearest patch of woods. I never got there. A policeman picked me up. I had no clothes on."

The same thing happened three times in the next three months and Senor Silva willingly went to a hospital for observation.

"One moonlight night," he related, "I slipped out a window and escaped to the jungle. It has been my home ever since."

"I'm surprised that you're alive," said the corporal. "The jungle is a tough place for a white man."

"I felt at home in the jungle," said Silva. "I seemed to have an instinct for snaring small animals and getting along with the Indians. And I had no aversion to raw food."

"Do you know what year this is?" asked the non-com.

"Certainly," said Silva. "I have kept track of seasons and years."

"Do you want to go back with us?" asked the corporal. "You could be home in Manaos in a few days."

"The jungle is my home," said the bronzed and muscular recluse. "I am happy this way. I stopped at your campfire only because I suddenly felt the urge to exchange a few words with white men."

For a moment the corporal considered capturing the real-life Tarzan and taking him back to civilization. He studied the man's rugged physique. The visitor's muscles were like those of the jaguar and his skin was like leather. His spear and a knife that hung from his waist were further deterrents to the non-com's inspiration to make a prisoner of the strangest man he'd ever met.

Senor Silva stayed with the soldiers until almost dawn. Then he rose from his sinewy haunches and picked up the formidable spear.

"It is unlikely," he said, "that we shall ever meet again. I am not often in this part of the Matto Grosso and it is even more seldom that I have the urge to be social. My Indian name should tell you that."

Then he slipped into the shadows from which he had come.

The Year's Queerest Fish Story

Instead of Fish, the Crew of the Frankie and Rose Pulled in a Cargo of Rubber Tires Which They Found Floating 20 Miles Offshore.

GATHER around, skeptics, for the queerest fish story of the year—an honest-to-goodness yarn about a salty Gloucester skipper who made a prize haul (worth thousands of bucks) without so much as catching a single fish.

The neatest piscatorial trick of the year happened recently when Captain Joseph Sinagra was running his trawler, the Frankie and Rose, about 20 miles off the Massachusetts coast on the way to his favorite fishing grounds.

"Ahoy, Skipper!" It was a deck hand bellowing from the bow of the little boat. "There's somethin' afloat ter starb'rd!"

Sinagra, binoculars in hand, stuck his head out the window of the little wheelhouse. He took one look and then swung the trawler around.

In a few minutes the Frankie and Rose reached the spot. The captain and his men were flabbergasted to find a huge tire, the giant kind used on heavy-duty trucks.

"Hey, Cap'n!" It was the same alert deck hand shouting again. "There's another one!" He was pointing to a second floating tire. "And another!"

"Haul 'em aboard," Sinagra ordered.

The men got out their boathooks. As fast as they fished in one tire, someone else spotted a new one. In about two hours the crew had hauled aboard 126 tires. With the little boat loaded to the gunwales, the captain called a halt, and started back for Gloucester with his strange catch—valued roughly at $8,200.

When Sinagra put in to port, he called the Coast Guard, who took charge of the cargo. If these officials knew how the tires happened to be bobbing around in the Atlantic some 20 miles offshore, they didn't say. Local harbormen, however, guessed that the rubber came off some torpedoed cargo ship.

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin in 14 Days!

14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN TESTED ON 1285 WOMEN WITH ALL TYPES OF SKIN

READ THIS TRUE STORY of what the Proved 14-Day Palmolive Plan did for Mrs. John Lyons of Los Angeles, Cal.

"My complexion had lost its soft, smooth look. So I said 'yes' quick when I was invited to try the new 14-Day Palmolive Plan—along with 1284 other women all over the U.S.A.! My group reported to a Los Angeles skin doctor. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some 'average.' After a careful examination, we were given the Palmolive Plan to use *at home* for 14 days.

"Here's the proved Palmolive Plan: Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—massage your clean face with that lovely, soft Palmolive beauty-lather . . . just like a cream. Do this for a *full* 60 seconds. This massage extracts the full beautifying effect from Palmolive lather for your skin. Then rinse and dry. That's all!

"After 14 days, I went back to my doctor. He confirmed what my mirror told me. My skin was smoother, finer, less oily! Later I learned *many* skin improvements had been observed by all the 36 examining doctors. Actually 2 out of 3 of all the 1285 women got see-able, feel-able results. So the 14-Day Palmolive Plan is now my beauty plan for life!"

YOU, TOO, CAN LOOK FOR THESE BEAUTY RESULTS **IN ONLY 14 DAYS!**

- Brighter, cleaner skin
- Finer texture
- Better tone
- Fewer blemishes
- Less dryness
- Less oiliness
- Smoother skin
- Fresher, clearer color

(This list is from the reports of the 36 examining doctors!)

NO OTHER SOAP OFFERS PROOF OF SUCH RESULTS!

"Honestly, slip covers are a cinch to wash in Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS!"

"In fact, everything washes loads easier with SO MUCH MORE SUDS and LONGER-LASTING SUDS," says Mrs. Geraldine Easton

"I USED to dread washing these slip covers that Janet and Harry are helping me put back on the furniture. You know how the tops of slip covers get dirty with children around. Well, you'd be surprised at how little rubbing I have to do on those extra-dirty spots, now that I've got Super Suds' EXTRA SUDS! I haven't found the dirt yet that could last very long against those UP-AND-AT-'EM SUDS. And new, sudsier Super Suds is so gentle, besides... to materials and to my hands."

"SUDS FROM MY OLD SOAP SURE WERE ON THE SKIMPY SIDE...DIDN'T HAVE ANY LASTING POWER, EITHER."
"THIS UNDISSOLVED STUFF CERTAINLY GETS IN THE WAY WHEN YOU'RE RINSING— AND IT ISN'T MAKING SUDS."
MY OLD SOAP
NEW Super Suds
"SUPER SUDS TURNED OUT TO BE A SUDSING WONDER. JUST HEAPS AND HEAPS OF RICH, EXTRA-LONG-LASTING SUDS."
"NO BIG UNDISSOLVED CHUNKS HERE. ALL OF SUPER SUDS SEEMS TO MAKE SUDS—A REAL SOAP SAVING!"

Make the "milk-bottle suds test." Shake up two teaspoons of your old wash-day soap and a glass of water in a milk-bottle. Do the same with Super Suds in another bottle. Even cool or hard water will do. See if you don't get *more suds, longer-lasting suds,* from Super Suds.

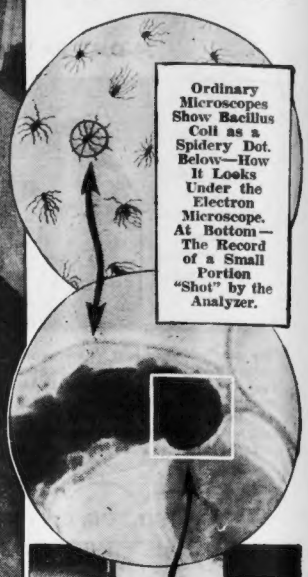
★ **DON'T WASTE SOAP!** ★ **Vital war materials are used in making soap**

Shooting at Germs to Find Out If They're Friends or Foes

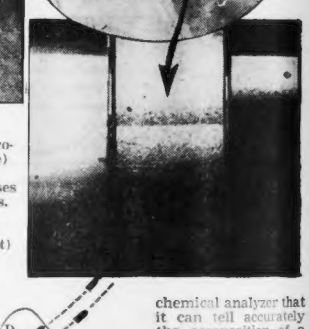
Tiny Electron "Bullets" Fired by a Robot "Chemist" Tell What Makes Them Good Or Bad — and Why — and How to Fight Them

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Editor

The Giant Electron Microscope (Above) Magnifies Invisible Viruses 100,000 Times. The New Chemical Analyzer (Left) Tells What They're Made Of.



Ordinary Microscopes Show Bacillus Coli as a Spidery Dot. Below—How It Looks Under the Electron Microscope. At Bottom—The Record of a Small Portion "Shot" by the Analyzer.



JOSEPH J. GERM, known to his friends as Slappy, is a rather annoying little rascal although he hasn't, so to speak, a mean bone in his whole body. In his playful fashion, he puts kinks in your back, mucus in your nose and venom in your spleen. But his cousin, Jeremiah (Jerry, the Killer) Germ, is a nasty, vicious no-good who probably pulled the wings off little viruses when he was young and is out to do you in as rapidly and painfully as possible.

Scientists would give a pretty penny to learn why one kind of germ is comparatively innocuous while another is lethal. And now they may be able to find out. Is it because one of them has indigestion, or sharper teeth, or a stinger in his tail, or the equivalent of a waxed moustache?

Bullets of high-speed electricity, fired by a new robot electrical "chemist," are the implements with which science may soon be able to tell what makes germs tick. So delicate is this new apparatus that it will reveal the chemical composition of the head or tail of a germ—or, for that matter, of just one part of a molecule.

Don't think it's silly to analyze the heads and tails of germs. The ability to do it would *give* to science a new and major weapon in a successful fight against disease.

Man already *knows* a lot about germs, but he *doesn't* always know the best way to fight them.

For years he *has* known that the TB germ is armored with a mysterious waxy coating that has never been penetrated successfully because its exact chemical structure is unknown. The new electrical chemist should be able to *solve* this waxy structure.

So, too, with many other diseases about which the science of medicine knows everything — except how it can deliver the final knockout blow.

Enthusiastic users of the recently perfected device say it is as great an advance over the electron microscope as is that marvel over a pair of spectacles.

Dr. James Hillier, scientist of the Radio Corporation of America, who developed the instrument, says it works by "shooting" electricity at any specific part of the germ under observation. These bullets are electrical particles, or electrons, traveling at a constant velocity with the impact of about 50,000 volts.

To use the chemical analyzer, a researcher places his specimen on a slide and then directs his electrical machine gun at the part he wants to study. The piercing particles pound against the atoms. Some of them pass through, but others hit and bounce off with a loss of energy.

Every type of chemical element, it is found, produces a distinctive loss of energy on a rebound. Carbon atoms, for example, produce an energy loss equal to 298 electron volts. Nitrogen, in contrast, absorbs more of the energy — some 400 electron volts.

"It's just as though a blind man were to shoot a string of bullets at a wall," Dr. Hillier explains.

If the blind man knew the initial speed of his bullets and the final speed after they came through, he could do a good job of telling the material that composed the wall.

If the wall were made of paper or something very flimsy, the bullets would go through with little loss of energy. If the wall were made of wood, the bullets would show some energy loss. Walls of brick would show a greater loss, and steel still greater. By knowing how much energy all kinds of materials would absorb, the blind man would be able to say immediately whether it was made of paper, wood, brick or steel.

With present electron microscopes scientists can take pictures of molecules and germs they have never seen before. But when they look at the pictures, they feel about as anyone feels when he sees the picture of a stranger. The obvious question is: "I wonder what he's really like?"

In the same way, the natural query of scientists when they see an influenza or infantile paralysis virus is to ask, "What's it made of?"

If the scientist photographed a germ, he knew he was looking at protein molecules. But he had no way of knowing what chemical elements went into the structure of the bacteria's whip-like flagella, or its cell membrane, or its inner protoplasm that made it a living thing.

Dr. Hillier envisions a wide future for the new instrument. So far 26 of the 92 elements have been identified with it. He sees no reason why the identification of all the other elements cannot be made.

So delicate and sensitive is the chemical analyzer that it can tell accurately the composition of a particle weighing only a million billionth of a gram.

An immediate problem for the new scientific weapon in conquering disease was described at the recent meeting of the Electron Microscope Society in New York.

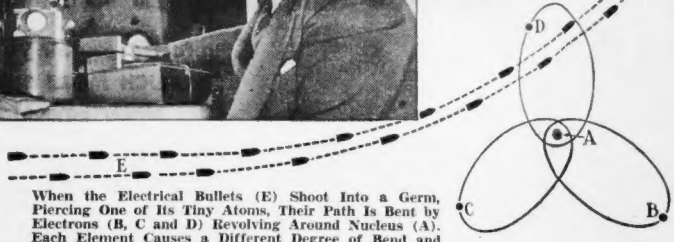
Dr. Gregory Schwartzman of Mt. Sinai Hospital announced the discovery of an unsuspected virus-like chemical in the blood of victims of bacterial endocarditis—one type of heart trouble. This dread, highly-fatal disease long has been known to be caused by the germ streptococcus viridans.

No one had ever realized, however, that a virus-like chemical was present, too. Only new electron microscope photographs, taken at a magnification of 100,000 times, revealed the unknown virus element in the blood of endocarditis victims.

Now, with the robot electrical "chemist," it should be possible to find out the chemical elements which comprise this new menace. This is in the research programs for study.

There is no doubt that streptococcus veridans is as mean and savage a germ as ever packed a dose of poison in his hip pocket, and science already knows quite a little about what makes him tick. But if electrical bullets can produce information on the viruses that follow him around, doctors may be able to polish off the entire crew.

They may even dredge up pertinent information on what causes the common cold.



When the Electrical Bullets (E) Shoot Into a Germ, Piercing One of Its Tiny Atoms, Their Path Is Bent by Electrons (B, C and D) Revolving Around Nucleus (A). Each Element Causes a Different Degree of Bend and That's How Science Tells Which Chemicals Are Present.

Romance in the Clink
or What's to Become of London's Playboy Raffles?

The Mysterious Veiled Lady Appeared From Nowhere to Save Harley From a Breakdown, and, He Hopes, Will Keep Him From Temptation When He Gets Out.

Robert Paul Harley, Ringleader of Mayfair's Notorious Playboy Bandits.

LONDON

WHEN Robert Paul Harley, ringleader of the Mayfair Playboys, most sensational of England's latter-day robber gangs, quits his cell in Maidstone Jail a fortnight from now, he will step into a world strange to him.

In the nearly six years of his imprisonment Nazi bombs have obliterated old landmarks, and life has taken on a different tempo.

He says he is going to confront the new conditions with an entirely new attitude.

In an interview given in prison, he declared: "Before Scotland Yard caught up with me, I went through over a million dollars in a few years. And I must say, I enjoyed the spending of it.

"However, I know now that Mayfair life is futile. When I am out of jail I shall try my best to get away from its contaminating connections."

The intention is laudable. But will he be able to live up to it?

It is true that Mayfair, his erstwhile hunting ground, has changed. The blitz scarred it deeply. The bright lights are blacked out now, and the fancy dress has given way to sober uniforms.

Nevertheless, other young men, endowed with talents similar to Harley's, have not found these alterations a handicap. They have discovered that civilian life, disrupted by the war, can be preyed upon more easily than in the past.

London is bound to offer strong temptations to Harley, so strong that were it not for an unknown quantity, a mysterious X in his equation, one would be inclined to discount his promise of reform.

The unknown quantity is a veiled woman, who has been visiting him in his cell.

Calling her his "good angel," prison officials are confident that she will keep him to his word.

He was in the depths of despair when she first came into his life. Six years of imprisonment still faced him. Twenty lashes of the dreaded cat-o-nine-tails had left humiliating marks, and his wife had won a divorce on the plea that his conduct had degraded her.

Fearing that he was on the verge of a mental breakdown, the warden let him have a light, day and night, in his cell.

It was at this point that the veiled woman began to visit him. Her identity was, and still is, a secret; neither the authorities nor Harley has ever revealed it. But her monthly calls put new life in him.

Wormwood Scrubs Gaol, Where Harley and His Accomplice, David Wilmer (Left), Were Bound on the Ancient "Triangle" (Right) and Treated to Lashes With the Cat-o-Nine-Tails.

While he was thinking up good resolutions for the sake of this mysterious pin-up girl, the prison underground brought him word of his three confederates in his crime net.

Like himself, they were all men of good family. His chief accomplice, David Wilmer (sentenced to five years in jail and 15 lashes of the "cat"), was the son of a Brigadier, and John Lonsdale, of a Colonel. And the father of the last of the group, Peter Martin Jenkins, was a fond philanthropist, who allowed his ne'er-do-well son $6,000 a year.

Under Harley's leadership these three had enlivened their social careers with swindling and petty robberies. They had enjoyed being feted by dowagers and debutantes, whom they were victimizing on the sly.

Hoity-toity magazines published pictures of them "at the races," "wintering at the Riviera," being entertained by Lady Whosis and Countess This-and-that.

A swindling charge drove them at last from the gilded haunts of the Cote d'Azur back to England. There Harley planned a master stroke.

Lonsdale had learned that Cartier's, the famous jewelers, was expecting a buyer from the continent. Harley sent a telegram, signed with the buyer's name, announcing his arrival at the Hyde Park Hotel. Cartier's despatched a Mr. Bellenger with about $80,000 worth of diamond rings.

On the agent's arrival, Harley seized the rings and, aided by Wilmer, beat him on the head with a wooden hammer. Jenkins ran away during the assault, and Lonsdale, the tipster, had failed to show up at all.

Soon after the discovery of Bellenger's almost lifeless body, the robbers' suspicious behavior, in renting a hotel suite at midnight, led to their capture. They were tried and sentenced. Only the durability of their victim's skull saved them from a murder charge.

Tucked away in prison, you'd have expected them soon to be forgotten. But their seclusion was always being interrupted by new summonses from courts. Lonsdale's fiancee had broken their engagement during the trial; the wives of the other three had obtained divorces from them; and the society women who had been robbed kept up a constant baying and yapping.

Suits for money, borrowed and never repaid, poured in.

Having served their terms, Harley's three lieutenants were sprung, each vowing to go straight. They paid no farewell calls on their ringleader, but he watched their progress.

Wilmer has not been free long enough for his behavior to be appraised.

Lonsdale's case may serve as a model for his former boss, for he, too, enjoyed a prison romance and seems to have benefited from it. While still behind bars, he met Stella Clive, daughter of a London merchant, who visited another prisoner.

Even in these unlikely circumstances, his charm was too much for Stella. They were married as soon as he got out of prison, and now he is serving his country in the armed forces.

Jenkins also joined the army on his release, but he soon deserted and is back in the same jail.

No attractive woman, veiled or unveiled, had helped him while away his time there, which, of course, may be why his good resolutions collapsed. If so, there is little likelihood of Harley's following his example.

But, even if he should—if, despite everything, the lure of old habits proves too strong—his lot should not be unendurable.

For the truth is that, except for his brief spell of claustrophobia, none of the Mayfair Playboys has suffered greatly from confinement.

All made the prison football team, and during the summer they played cricket.

Moreover, in the "association room," where the convicts gather each day for social intercourse, they enjoyed the stimulating contact of some of the best minds in England.

Today's Teen-Age Girls Are On the March — Visiting Husbands Or Boy Friends in Army Camps Or Seeking Elusive Jobs That Never Materialize — And They'll Travel Anyhow With Anybody.

WHEN Mrs. Parkhurst started out on a cross-country trip last summer, J. Edgar Hoover had just sounded the alert on the menacing increase in juvenile delinquency. He had pointed up his declaration with the statement that the "teen-age" girl was getting completely out of hand. And he gave purported facts and figures to back up his statement.

At the suggestion of the editors of The American Weekly, Mrs. Parkhurst made her journey a tour of research into the situation. Not only of what the facts were, but of what had caused them, and what was being done and what should be done to modify them.

Mrs. Parkhurst did not, of course, attempt to make a nation-wide survey with all the mathematical fixings. Her facts and figures were obtained from the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the United States Children's Bureau in Washington, *and* from the agencies and judges and welfare workers she met in her search.

In a number of the cities she visited she sat in on hearings in juvenile *and* minors' courts. She also talked with some of the girl defendants.

From what she saw and heard, she learned that Mr. Hoover's report was *not* an exaggeration. In the following articles Mrs. Parkhurst will set down her observations, *and* point out the need for a remedy before the situation becomes an organic national malady.

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

Nationally Recognized Research Authority and Author of "Alcoholism—Laymen Join Science to Cure It"

No. 1—Vagabond Girls.

NOT long ago in an eastern city a disastrous explosion occurred in a munitions plant.

"Sabotage, of course!" was the immediate verdict of both the press and the public.

When the Federal Bureau of Investigation had finished its work, it had a different story to tell—the old, old story of a man and a girl.

The man was a section foreman. The girl, listed as 17, but later proved to be 14, served at the counter in the plant cafeteria. She had come into the community a fortnight or so previously with a trailer group of itinerant workers. Pretty, precocious and glib, she had lied about her age to get both the man and the job.

The two had been meeting every day at three when her work was done, their trysting place being an alley at the back of the large plant.

The afternoon of the disaster a precarious technical job requiring skilled handling was going on. The foreman turned his post over to a green hand as he hurried to keep his date with the girl.

The result: A number of men and women workers were killed. Many more were *injured*. The plant was demolished. All that remained of an important war order went up in the flames and smoke that lost itself in the sky.

This story, fresh from the files of the FBI, is unique only in its spectacular ending. Involved in it are some of the leading factors in thousands upon thousands of other true stories, none of which has been less tragic.

Scarcely had I started on my journey recently when I was convinced, both by what I saw and by figures placed at my disposal by responsible agencies, that we now have on our hands an army of wayfaring girls far outnumbering and of darker implications than the army of girl vagabonds who roved through the countryside and infiltrated the cities during those terrible depression years of 1931 and 1932.

Girls were every place. And when I say "girls" I mean girls of the in-between ages, those who have stepped out of childhood before their time and are not yet grown up. Girls not with parents or older companions. But girls on the loose, traveling hither and thither alone or in pairs.

They were on the streets at dusk and in darkness; in the dance halls and honky-tonks and night clubs. They were on buses and trains. In the railroad terminals they moved in hordes.

Like a moving scroll they run through my memory. There was the nervous parade of them that marched up and down around Times Square and Broadway on Saturday afternoons and nights, waiting for a date or a pick-up. Often their only pick-up was the policeman who arrested them.

Lines of them waited every late afternoon under the arch that leads to the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. As the soldiers and sailors streamed in and out of the trains, the girls were there. Sometimes they were passed by.

In the end *they* managed to get their men, who speeded them *away* to the dance halls and cabarets in the near-by tenderloin, some of them to come out reeling when dawn was pinking the sky.

AT THE suggestion of a member of the city's Crime Prevention Unit I went there and watched to see for *myself*.

In Washington I saw them, and in Chicago and St. Louis and Kansas City and Omaha and San Francisco and Los Angeles and in various small towns through which I passed.

Some of them were so young that they still had little-girl legs and feet; and so that they might look more grown-up they had done up their hair like grown-ups and padded their figures to appeal to the fancy of their captured boy friends in uniform.

And there were the three I met in the dressing room on the train on which I was going west.

"It's time to get busy if we're not going to pay for our meals between here and Frisco," one was saying as she brushed her bright hair into long curls, punctuating her movements with pretentious inhalings of her cigarette.

"Honey chile, you said somethin'." Another, just as pretty, gave her eyelashes an upward swing with a tiny black brush.

"I have my eye on a super-duper with new wings that gave me the eye when I took a swing

JUVENILES on the LOOSE

The Startling, Sobering Story of American Adolescents on a Wartime Binge of Irresponsibility, by the Famous Investigator and Author Who Calls Out to Parents and Officials to Rehabilitate Our Wayward and Jittery Kids

through the club car," said the third as she gave her naturally cherry lips a more vivid accent.

Chatty by nature, they were ready to tell everything, and to everybody. Two of them were 17, the other 18 years old. One was going to her parents who had left her with an aunt in Cleveland while they went to work in a magnesium factory in central California. Two had been graduated from a commercial high school and were out to hunt for highly-paid jobs.

"Stenos are getting as much as $60 a week in Los," they said. In order to get the money for their trip in a first-class Pullman they had worked nights in a bowling alley in Detroit.

Two other girls, traveling alone, were on their way to airfields, one in Texas, one in Arizona, to see the "boy friend," as they invariably called him. Another girl, more guarded in what she gave out, would only say that she was just "on her way to look around a bit."

As the journey progressed they were not without good-looking companions. Not one of these three paid for a meal between Chicago and San Francisco. And the platforms of the trains at night appeared to be ideal substitutes for the parked-car petting stations of peacetime.

On my full journey I must have seen thousands of such young wayfarers. Often it looked as if the nation's high schools had sent their teenagers pell-mell throughout the land.

THE Travelers' Aid Society, with bureaus in the railroad stations of three hundred cities, makes this report: Out of an approximate 193,000 trippers of all ages and both sexes who asked for assistance during 1942, over 28,000 were under-age girls. Up to June, 1943—this was as far as the reports had come in when I called at the national offices—there was a month to month increase.

Not all of them were out for mischief. Some were going back and forth to school or on visits with friends. Some were going to join parents who had gone a distance from home to do war work. Others were looking for jobs.

"So many of them," said a spokesman for the Society, "think that jobs are to be gathered from the ground like mushrooms after a rainy day. Few of them have skills. When they don't find work they most often find plenty of trouble."

A leaf from the report of the Children's Aid Society supplements this. In an eastern metropolis it gave shelter to 341 runaways under 16 during 1941. In 1942 it had 598 young guests of the same order. For the first four months of 1943 the total was 291. Out of this total, 180 came from other cities and states.

The day I dropped in, a 15-year-old girl had just been sent back home to her parents in Milwaukee with an attendant to make sure that she got there. Dressed like a grown-up and with the idea that, by lying about her age, she could get a job in an airplane factory, she had hitch-hiked her way to Chicago, where her money gave out.

Unable to find work, she had taken up with a boy from Mexico, bent on the same mission. Hoping for better results in the big city, they had managed somehow to raise just enough money for bus fare.

Soon they found themselves in the hands of the Missing Persons Bureau through whom the Children's Aid works when there is a delinquency problem to be solved. The boy, being an alien, became a problem for the State Department.

Naturally the question arises: Who are these girls? They do not belong to any special class. For the girl movement today knows no social distinction.

Indeed, the seasoned welfare experts will tell you that it is no longer the children of the under-privileged alone who crowd the dockets of our juvenile and minors' courts, or whose escapades vie for space with the war news, but rather the daughters of families of the self-contained middle classes.

They will tell you further that those who come to the notice of the courts and the social agencies are only a small part of the current regiment of girl wildlings, as they speak in undertones of those whose adventures are kept as close secrets by anxious parents and teachers.

Not all of the under-age mothers in the maternity wards of today come from ill-conditioned homes. Some few hospitals are a source of supply for childless couples who wish to adopt one or more children from the "better classes."

Only recently I heard of the 16-year-old daughter of a wealthy family who had gotten into just such a predicament, and who died in an effort to get out of her trouble.

DURING the past summer a 13-year-old girl from the same kind of a family was missing for close to a week. When she finally decided to come home, she announced, as nonchalantly as if she were telling the plot of a moving picture, that she had picked acquaintance with a sailor in the park; and that after a few drinks she had gone off with him on a sightseeing tour to a distant city. Curiously enough, the family physician reported that she had escaped without actual harm.

This is not to say that all our high school girls are also high-steppers. In the majority they have played and are playing a star role as contributors to the war effort. They have helped to save the crops by working in the fields and orchards, and have toiled in the canneries and textile mills.

In their communities they have taken the places of the young men who have gone into the services or into war industries. They are using their spare time to assist in day nurseries, or in helping to care for the sick and aged in their neighborhoods.

They have conducted drives for scrap metal, for the Red Cross, for community funds, for war relief and for war bonds and stamps. Truly they cannot be charged with shirking or slackness.

But as always, the great danger lies with the small, but recalcitrant, minority. In this instance it has stretched to alarming and forbidding proportions.

Just what these proportions are we do not know exactly, as no nationwide census on juvenile derelictions has been made. J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the FBI, taking his figures from the police reports of the larger cities, has given us the following frightening break-down.

Juvenile delinquency among the teen-age girls, he declares, had increased 55 per cent in the year that intervened between December 1941 and December 1942, with the year 1943 promising a still higher percentage. Drinking among them, he added, had gone up 40 per cent; disorderly conduct, 70 per cent; commercialized vice, 64 per cent; other sex offenses, 104 per cent.

The burden of this record, he said, fell pretty evenly on the shoulders of the girls from 15 to 19 years old, but with the 15-year-olds setting the high-water record of 40 per cent.

What these percentages indicate in actual numbers may be imagined by a study of the report from the United States Children's Bureau. Taking the records of 500 juvenile courts over areas aggregating about 40 per cent of the population, we learn that 200,000 young waywards came before these courts in 1941. With a further spread of 55 per cent during 1942, the number neared 310,000. What the total must be today is not pleasant for anyone to contemplate.

We cannot, of course, give an exact count of the girls who come under the general listing. But we do know, through the Children's Bureau, that for the five years preceding the war the ratio of boy and girl miscreants has remained pretty steady at about five to one.

The seriousness of the situation, its grave and sinister influence upon the future of our home and family life can be realized only by going into the actual character of the offenses charged up against those girls, who will, it must be remembered, have their place among the mothers of tomorrow. They will be the girls that hundreds of thousands of our boys will be coming home to, the girls that many of them will make their wives and the mothers of their children. So let's take a look into some of the juvenile courts as they are conducted from day to day.

Next week Mrs. Parkhurst will tell of some of the cases she sat in on in the juvenile courts along the way of her journey.

"That Super-Duper in the Uniform Gave Me the Eye and He's Mine," the Painted-Lipped Youngster Warned Her Baby-Faced Pal. "Better Get Busy If You Don't Want to Buy Your Own Meals From Here to Frisco."

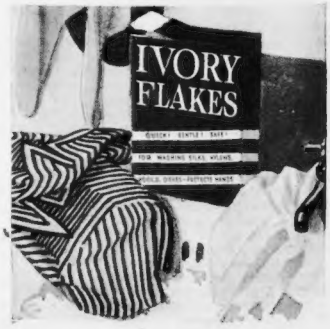
"My welcome-home clothes are 'on the beam'—I'm wise to

TWICE the Wear with Ivory Flakes care!"

"MY HEART RACES LIKE A P-38, when Charlie gets to fly home on furlough," confesses pretty Mrs. Charles Diehl, Air Corps wife, who hails from Minneapolis. "We were both professional swimmers before my darling dived into the Army Air Corps. When he joined up, I ditched my swimsuit and started selling War Bonds fast 'n' furious! So, these days I just have no time for clothes-shopping 'specially with nice clothes so expensive and hard to find. Golly, I'm glad I learned about twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care."

"DON'T TREAT THINGS ROUGHLY with the wrong kind of soap," cautions Mrs. Diehl. "Change to gentle care with pure, mild Ivory Flakes." Wash tests galore on dresses, dainty underwear, sweaters, blouses, housecoats prove that hard-to-replace washables give as much as twice the wear with Ivory Flakes care. The flake form of baby's mild Ivory is super-safe for all your nice sudsables—stockings, gloves, girdles, curtains.

"MAKE IVORY FLAKES LAST LONGER, TOO!" Mrs. Diehl continues. "I'll wager you're wasting soap without realizing it. *Soaps use vital war materials,* so go easy! Be sure you *measure Ivory Flakes* in a cup or glass and add carefully to *lukewarm water.* Even a small amount makes a mountain of rich, kind-to-colors suds."



Wash tests prove the Ivory Flakes way
Helps keep "pretties" bright and gay!

Instead of Going Into the Family Jackpot, Complain the Surviving Members of the Clan, Their Late Sister's Jewels Are Decorating America's Most Glamorous Expatriate, Bettina Bergery

Those Roaming Rubies of the Disturbed Mdivanis

While Bettina and Husband Do Their Political High-Wire Act, David Mdivani Seeks Family Gems.

Beautiful Bettina Shaw-Jones Bergery and Her Adroit Husband, Gaston Bergery, Both in Characteristic Poses.

MME. GASTON BERGERY, the former Bettina Shaw-Jones of New York society, has just reached another cross-roads on her criss-cross career.

According to latest reports she and her husband are now in Spain, busily pulling strings to get back to the United States.

On the face of it, their chances don't look too good, since until a short time ago Gaston Bergery was a high-ranking French "collaborationist" (to use the polite German expression).

He was, in fact, Vichy Ambassador to Turkey.

Now, having felt the chill wind of recent Nazi setbacks, he is said to be wooing General de Gaulle.

While this might seem a rather abrupt about-face to some, it was probably no trick at all for a man who, in a comparatively few years of public life, has already taken fliers at leftism, medium rightism and monarchism.

Naturally, these lightning changes were not accomplished without backstage string-pulling, which, in turn, suggests that, despite everything, Gaston may pull one now that will land him and his beautiful wife safe and sound in the bosom of her New York family.

If so, it should be a fitting climax to the political high-wire act they have been putting on abroad. It should be the grand finale, but unfortunately it won't—quite.

For, as it happens, there is a lawsuit awaiting their arrival on these shores, and they will have to deal with it before they can settle down.

Until a few days ago, when some curious archive delver stumbled on it, this suit had been secretly biding its time in the New York courts.

Neither Gaston nor Bettina knows anything about it, so, unless some gossipy reader of this page spills the beans, the whole thing should come as a big surprise to them.

Plaintiffs in the action are the only two surviving members of the once fabulous Mdivani clan, David, once the husband of Mae Murray, now a bachelor, and his sister, Nina, wife of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's son, Denis.

The defendant is the famous Spanish painter, Jose Maria Sert, decorator of the Sert Room in New York's Waldorf-Astoria and confidant of the Duke of Alba.

The complications, which finally resulted in the suit, began when Roussadana, Sert's wife and the second of the much publicized Mdivani sisters, died in a Swiss sanitarium in 1938.

Her death has been variously attributed to plain tuberculosis, tuberculosis induced by drugs, and belated shock over the loss of her youngest brother, Alexis, most widely criticized of Barbara Hutton's husbands, who had violently departed this world in a Riviera automobile crash.

Previous to Roussadana's demise, it is alleged that the Mdivanis had, rather typically, entered into a contract, providing that, in case any of them should die, his or her private property should go to the others.

Sert, the suit charges, violated this contract by failing to turn over all his wife's property to David and Nina.

And of the allegedly withheld assets, the most valuable and sought after is a collection of rare Siberian rubies.

These rubies, set in a necklace, bracelets and such, are currently said to be adorning the person of personable Bettina Shaw-Jones Bergery.

Apparently, they were given to her by Sert, or by Roussadana, as tokens of deep friendship.

The legal question is whether the donor, in view of the asserted contract, had the right to make the gift.

The reason the suit has been sleeping for so long is that Sert has not been available for questioning—he's in Spain; and the reason it is being brought in New York is that Roussadana still has sizable cash assets tied up in that city.

J. Arthur Leve, David's and Nina's New York lawyer, has revealed that these assets are made up, interestingly enough, of $101,973, due her from a trust fund established by Barbara Hutton, plus another $107,282 from still another trust fund set up by Barbara, plus $65,480, from the estate of Alexis, plus $52,538, from the estate of another deceased brother, Serge (who married Pola Negri), and $3,490 pin money.

Loss of the jewels won't bankrupt Bettina, but symbolically it should be a blow. For until now rubies, as well as most of the other good things of this world, have always flowed toward her, never away.

She went to France over a decade ago to finish her education at the Paris branch of the swank Finch School.

Meanwhile, she had served as a mannequin and designer for Schiaparelli, world-famous dress creator, and married Bergery, then leader of the United Front Against Fascism.

Explaining how she helped her husband in his work, one of their friends remarked, "Bettina reads the papers for Gaston. She reads one paragraph from L'Humanite (the Communist paper), one from L'Action Francais (the Royalist paper), mixes them, and by nightfall the most terrifying rumors are flying around Paris."

The story suggested how the two managed to keep covered on all fronts. While Gaston flirted with Socialist Leon Blum, Bettina hobnobbed with Vicomtesse Charles de Noailles, Madame Paul Brach and others of the nascent New Order.

When the political breeze shifted from the leftist quarter, Gaston, thanks to his wife's work, found a sympathetic reception among rightists.

Following the fall of Paris, they bobbed up in the troubled Vichy waters. Bergery was appointed Ambassador to Russia, and then to Turkey.

A year ago the Bergerys were often seen at the Ankara opera in Reich Ambassador Franz von Papen's box.

On these occasions, Bettina customarily wore her rubies.

Original Owner of the Jewels, the Late Sculptress Roussadana Mdivani Sert and Painter Jose Maria Sert, Her Husband Who Is Sued.

Weird Wedding of "Double Pistol," Chinese Heroine

China's Fightingest Woman Refused Marriage Until She Slew 100 Japs, Then Became a General's Bride, and Burned Her Victims' Skulls Just to Add Zest to the Ceremony

Vengeance Taken, the Lethal Amazon and Her General Were United in a Strange, Grim Marriage Ceremony.

China Dolls—Hard Fighters of "Double Pistol's" Battalion of Death Which the Japs Hold in Holy Terror.

By WILLIAM SEABROOK
Explorer and Author of "Jungle Ways," Etc.

THE woman warrior and the "warrior's husband," if she marries one, have formed a favorite theme for humorists ever since Hercules swiped Amazon Queen Hippolyta's girdle.

Samuel Johnson took a crack at it in Rasselas, telling us how the Queen of Abyssinia led the armies of that topsy-turvy land while the king remained at home in bed.

But there is nothing funny in the wedding just announced of China's greatest woman soldier, known as "Double Pistol," who took time out from killing the hated Japs to marry General Li Chihmeng in a bamboo forest on the shores of Lake Taihu, Chungking.

The amazing little lady is a flaming combination of Pistol Packin' Mama and Joan of Arc, while her bridegroom is a hero who fights by her side in the guerilla band she has recruited and leads into battle.

Escaping From Japs Who Butchered Her Family, the High-Born, Wealthy Girl Turned Guerilla, Vowed to Kill 100 Foes With Her Own Hands and Make Their Heads Serve as Her Dowry.

PAUL GUILLUMETTE INC. PHOTOS

The wedding, while a love match, was a stern and solemn business at which they ceremonially burned the skulls of 42 Jap soldiers recently killed by her. With those 42 skulls, Double Pistol brought her score up to a promised 100, thus fulfilling a pledge that she wouldn't get married until she had a hundred dead Japs to her credit.

General Li calls his bride Burning Blossom. The Japanese have named her Monster Water Snake, because her forces attack silently in flat-bottomed boats which can navigate tiny creeks and rice fields.

Her name Double Pistol derives from the fact that she packs two automatics and shoots from the hip.

A certain mystery surrounds her because she has refused to divulge her actual family name, but the Chinese believe her to be the eighth daughter of a wealthy landlord named Kinsha who was murdered by the Japs along with his other seven daughters in 1938.

It was when she saw her people butchered by the Japs that the otherwise peaceful girl turned into a furious Amazon and vowed to kill a hundred Nips with her own hands.

Six years ago she began her guerilla warfare with a shabby, ill-armed band of fishermen and women numbering fewer than 500, but developed a genius for leadership, and now has a well-equipped battalion which the Japs hold in holy terror.

Another of the many names under which she is known is The Eagle, because she "strikes and flies away."

The solemn wedding of Double Pistol was no ordinary affair. The ceremony itself, which in China is traditionally picturesque and festive, was, on this occasion, short and grim. It centered around the 42 Jap skulls, and stressed the great national desire of vengeance against the Nip murderers.

Her entire battalion of guerillas was present when the couple, both in uniform, reached the open field where the wedding took place. The officers, men and women, stood in a row facing each other with their sabres crossed. The bridal couple passed under the swords, the only Occidental touch in the entire solemn proceedings.

Emerging from the sabre arch, the couple faced the 42 skulls. They climbed up on the gruesome heap and stood there for a few minutes holding each other's hands. Only a few words were spoken by a representative of Chang Kai-shek—and the couple descended man and wife.

Then both knelt before the gruesome heap of skulls piled up high on wooden logs. She held a burning torch with both hands while he gripped two lighted candles.

At the same time they threw the torch and the candles under the kerosene-soaked logs and the macabre pyre burst into flames.

Shouts of well-wishing sounded from the husky throats of the guerillas. The officers stepped forward and personally wished them luck. Then sharp orders were heard. The battalion stepped into line and marched off, with Double Pistol leading, to kill more Japs.

Double Pistol's multiplicity of names and titles has led to a good deal of confusion, and even Chinese journalists will probably be relieved that they can now refer to her as Madame Li Chihmeng and be sure that the world will know precisely whom they mean.

The confusion of American journalists and the American reading public has been enhanced by the fact that China has produced—in addition to this amazing lady—at least two other woman guerilla leaders, both of whom have been widely publicized as "two-gun" female fighters.

The first, a reformed girl bandit, wife of a former outlaw named Chai-I, christened Golden Lily, became famous in the British and American press as "Two-Gun Lil."

One of her stunts was to go into small Japanese encampments disguised as a market woman with a basket of "fruit for Nippon." The fruit consisted of hand grenades with which she wiped out the detachment and escaped.

The second woman guerilla leader, whose fame contributed to this triple confusion, was an older lady, short and stout, past forty, known as Two-Gun Sister Wang.

She was the heroine of a hundred battles, large and small, against the Japs, and also famous for her daring individual killings.

Two-Gun Sister Wang, though a heroine, came to a bad end. Last August she, herself, turned traitor and was shot by a firing squad composed of guerillas she had once led against the Japs.

With three Chinese heroine combatants, all similarly nicknamed, and all performing similar deeds of valor, the mix-up which has been cleared by the wedding of Double Pistol, who is now officially Madame Li Chihmeng, ends a real Chinese puzzle.

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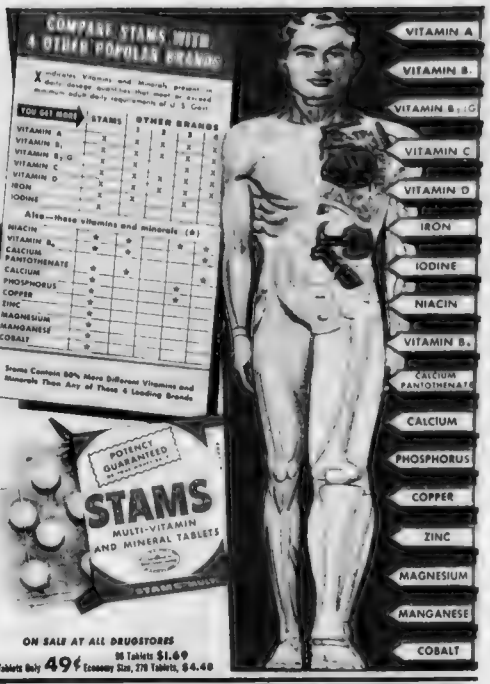

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Secret Weapons—BLONDES!

In the Women's Gestapo School at Altona, Candidates for the Blond Battalion, Chosen for Their Beauty, Brains and Aristocratic Background, Were Taught the Artifices of Allure and the Use of the Subtler Weapons of Death.

By BELLA FROMM

Former Berlin Diplomatic and Society Columnist and Author of "Blood and Banquets"

Her Course Over, the Candidate Emerged a Glamorous But Relentless "Soldieress" in the Struggle for World Domination.

IF MATA HARI, as history records, was worth an army to the Kaiser, then Edit von Coler and her Blond Battalian are worth 110 Mata Haris to Hitler. For there are that many golden-haired, blue-eyed members of the Battalion, each as dangerous to the Allies as the famous woman spy was in World War I.

The role of the Battalion is a cross between Mata Hari's and that of Franz von Papen, trouble-shooter for the Kaiser and today for Hitler. Indeed the leader of the Blond Battalion, Edit von Coler, is Von Papen's teammate on many a job, and wherever the two travel together trouble brews for the Allies.

For instance, up to late February the United States poured arms and ammunition into Turkey in the hope of getting the Turks to fight Hitler. Turkey seemed willing.

Then in January Franz von Papen, Nazi Germany's Ambassador to Turkey, sent for Edit von Coler and a picked platoon of her Battalion.

Overnight Turkey's capital bloomed with an influx of beautiful blond women. Each beauty was a standout of her type. Some had Paris chic, some the slim trigness of Hollywood femininity, others the full blown bodies that take the eye of a Turk.

They made a dazzling contribution to the nightly scene at Karpic's, the dining rendezvous of the military and diplomatic set in Ankara. Their escorts wore glittering uniforms or formal black, beribboned with high rank.

What happened at the dinner tables at Karpic's and later must be deduced from a historic event that took place soon after the Blond Battalion arrived in Ankara.

Abruptly the United States cut off all lend-lease to Turkey.

There was good reason for it. Almost overnight Turkey's promising attitude toward the United Nations cooled.

It is too much to say that the Blond Battalion alone made the difference. Turks in high places are tough and, as women go, are spoiled. But the women, who in addition to allure also spoke the hard-boiled language of international politics and were empowered to make promises for the Nazi Foreign Office, made a potent combination.

The Countess Helene de Portes, Victim of Edit's Lethal Blondes.

All girls in Nazi Germany are required to join the Bund Deutscher Maedel, which corresponds to the Hitler Youth for boys. Most of the Bund are trained in their camps for childbearing. But Edit von Coler travels from one Bund camp to another, for different talent.

She picks girls of blond beauty, aristocratic background and brains. Those she selects are sent to a school in Altona, near Hamburg.

To the public it is known as the Women's Gestapo School.

The faculty at Altona consists of specialists and the classes are small. But there are classes in the use of women's eyes, both as allure and in espionage. There are classes in the use of cosmetics, perfumes and a variety of chemicals that do not change the taste of wines and liquors but which do affect nerve centers untouched by alcohol.

There are other classes in the use of knives and revolvers, whether in defense or attack. The girls at the Altona school are also schooled in geo-politics, economics, applied psychology, and every day the latest political developments in key countries are analyzed for them.

On the list of required reading are Oriental treatises on the art of love, psychoanalytical works, and biographies of women who have hanged world history through the men they have captivated.

Prominent is the study of Louise de Kerouaille, a seventeenth century version of one of the Blond Battalion. A spy for France, she became first the Duchess of Portsmouth, then the mistress of King Charles II.

And Edit von Coler is their dramatic coach. She used to be assistant director of the Berlin Staatstheater, is a professional actress—in addition to other talents—and is the daughter of the famous German painter, Ludwig Manzel.

I knew Edit, as I knew other Nazi celebrities, for I conducted a column on society and the diplomatic set for the Vossische Zeitung, a paper that was enormously influential before Hitler.

I also knew another celebrated member of the Blond Battalion, the Baroness Von Einem, daughter of one of the most aristocratic families in Junker Germany.

A defect in Edit, from the point of view of her Nazi superiors, is that she is likely to lose her heart to a man they want her to undermine. Then, for a time, she follows her emotions, until

Behind This Innocent-Looking Newsstand Was a Meeting Place of Hitler's Secret Agents Who, When Danger Threatened, Were Warned by a Bell (Arrow).

Scientifically Trained in the Arts of Captivation and Betrayal, Hitler's Secret Legion of Sirens Performed Its Missions of Intrigue and Demoralization in a Manner Almost Too Dramatic for Fiction

Corinne Luchaire's Treachery in the Battalion's Underground Struggle to Undermine France Saved Her Life.

Edit von Coler, Hitler's Top Blond Temptress, Wrote Sinister History.

her cousin by marriage, the Gestapo Head, Heinrich Himmler, brings her sharply back to her senses.

A colorful instance of that kind developed when Edit was sent on a mission to help swing Rumania for the Axis. First she "fell in love" with Radu Djuvara, Rumanian Minister to Germany, who was formerly with the Rumanian Embassy in Washington. Djuvara saw to it that when Edit went to Rumania all doors were opened to her.

She flew there, as always when she travels, in a special plane. To disguise her mission she was made correspondent of the potent Deutsche Allegemeine Zeitung. She lived at the Palace Hotel in Bucharest. A big 12-cylinder motor car, bearing the license Number 1 A, took her everywhere, and her escort was Vaida Tizca, a young Rumanian millionaire. They were in love.

But her assignment was to win King Carol's favor, no matter how Magda Lupescu, the unofficial redhead ruler of Rumania, felt about it. King Carol had gone to England to get British aid for his country and had returned to Bucharest dissatisfied.

Edit went all-out for him. Vaida waited for her in her hotel suite one day while she was with King Carol. When she returned, he demanded:

"Does your work as a newspaper correspondent require you to display Madame Lupescu?"

She pleaded, "All I want is an interview for my paper."

"All you want is my country for your boss, Hitler! You shan't have it. I will warn King Carol and my people. Then I will strangle the lying woman who says she loves me!"

"I do love you!" she cried and her emotion was sincere. "I won't see Carol any more!"

She kept her word. But her in-law, Heinrich Himmler, appeared, telling her she would soon be returned to Berlin.

"I won't leave Vaida here!" she protested.

"He will be made an attache in Berlin!" Himmler promised her.

Edit flew back to Berlin. Vaida was appointed to the Rumanian Embassy at Berlin, and joyfully boarded the de luxe train that would take him to his beloved. At the German border a Gestapo squad took him from the train.

He vanished from the world.

In Berlin, Heinrich Himmler told Edit: "The next time you lose your heart you will also lose your head. Remember that!"

She remembered the warning when she and another platoon of her Battalion were sent to France, peacetime France as yet. But Edit and her Battalion went to work on it. She gave intimate parties and saw to it that there were three key men of France for every one of the Battalion there. These parties usually broke up into still smaller ones that the French called "little committees."

The "committee work" that went on made sinister history for France. Many a prominent French politician fell under the spell of the blond "ambassadress" from Germany, with their blend of feminine appeal and potent political rewards which they were authorized to offer to any Frenchman, regardless of his position, who would get his country to "collaborate" with Hitler.

But in Paris Edit and her Battalion met sharp competition—Frenchwomen, with as great allure and as devoted to their country. As expert in the art of love and as hard headed as the Battalion, these Frenchwomen fought the invaders for their men and their country.

One of the most dangerous of these Frenchwomen, and the woman who stood directly between Edit von Coler and the biggest man she was sent to get, was Countess Helene de Portes, mistress to Paul Reynaud, the last of the French Premiers.

But Edit had made friends with a French actress, Corinne Luchaire, whom she won over to the Nazi side. The leader of the Blond Battalion and the French actress joined forces against Helene de Portes.

Edit, who could no longer afford to lose her heart, had turned hard-hearted indeed. The French actress was just as hard-headed. Their collaboration was to cost France much.

A few weeks after the two women united against Helene de Portes, the French Premier and his devoted woman were driving in his car. Suddenly and for some reason that has not yet been entirely cleared up, the car ran wild and turned over.

When police and passersby, horrified to see their Premier's car wrecked, ran to help, they found Reynaud alive. But Helene de Portes was already dead.

Edit von Coler went on giving charming parties to Frenchmen high in political circles. Her Battalion went on making conquests. But they also met defeats. Edit von Coler made two lists. One became known later as the White List, the other, the Black Roll.

When Hitler decided that his agents had dug deeply enough under the foundations of the principal countries he meant to conquer, he named a zero hour. At the tick of the split-second hand of that hour the world had on its hands the Second World War.

Marshal Rommel's tanks, rolling into Paris, brought death to those on Edit von Coler's Black Roll, and rewards to those on the White List. Heading the latter was the actress, Corinne Luchaire. On the death list were the men whom the Blond Battalion had not been able to win over to the Nazi viewpoint.

Much bloody water has flowed under bridges since then and the grim tide has turned against Hitler. But his Blond Battalion threatens the security of South America and this country more than ever before.

For as far back as 1934 Edit von Coler and some of her Battalion began ferrying to South America on big private yachts, and later on specially chartered transatlantic planes. Their chief objective was Argentina, where there has always been a large German colony.

This time Edit was a "director" of a German corporation selling shipping insurance. But the chief of the Blond Battalion stayed at the official residence of Baron Edmund von Therman, Nazi Ambassador to Argentina. Edit was squired about Argentina by the Nazi Naval and Air Attache, Captain Dietrich Niebuhr.

Key men in Argentine politics and industry were delighted with Edit and the bevy of beautiful blondes from Germany that descended on their capital, Buenos Aires. But their delight became mixed with anxiety when they noticed that wherever the Blond Battalion went treason to Argentina flourished.

[illegible] the Argentine government had to expel Baron Edmund von Therman and his attache, Captain Niebuhr. But many of the Blond Battalion are staying on in Argentina.

As up to a few weeks ago Argentina, alone of all the South American governments, had stayed friendly to the Axis. Meanwhile, some of the Blond Battalion moved on to Bolivia. And in February of this year, Bolivia was confronted with a palace revolution which ended in favor of the Axis.

So the banner of the Blond Battalion is still riding high in the Western Hemisphere.

Sunbrite fights greasy dirt 3 ways!

Frees Grit

Git, Grit, here comes safe Sunbrite Cleanser with sleeves rolled up, ready to knock the sox off all the grit round the house; all set to put sparkle back on your pots and pans—fast!

Routs Germs

Scram, Germs, no more health-crimping holiday for you! No matter where you lurk, Sunbrite will quickly rout you out and give you the heave-ho down the drain. Purifies as it cleans!

Cuts Grease

Gangway, Grease, Mrs. Homemaker's sink just isn't big enough for you and lightning-fast Sunbrite. Bathroom and kitchen must keep looking their guest-best these war-busy days!

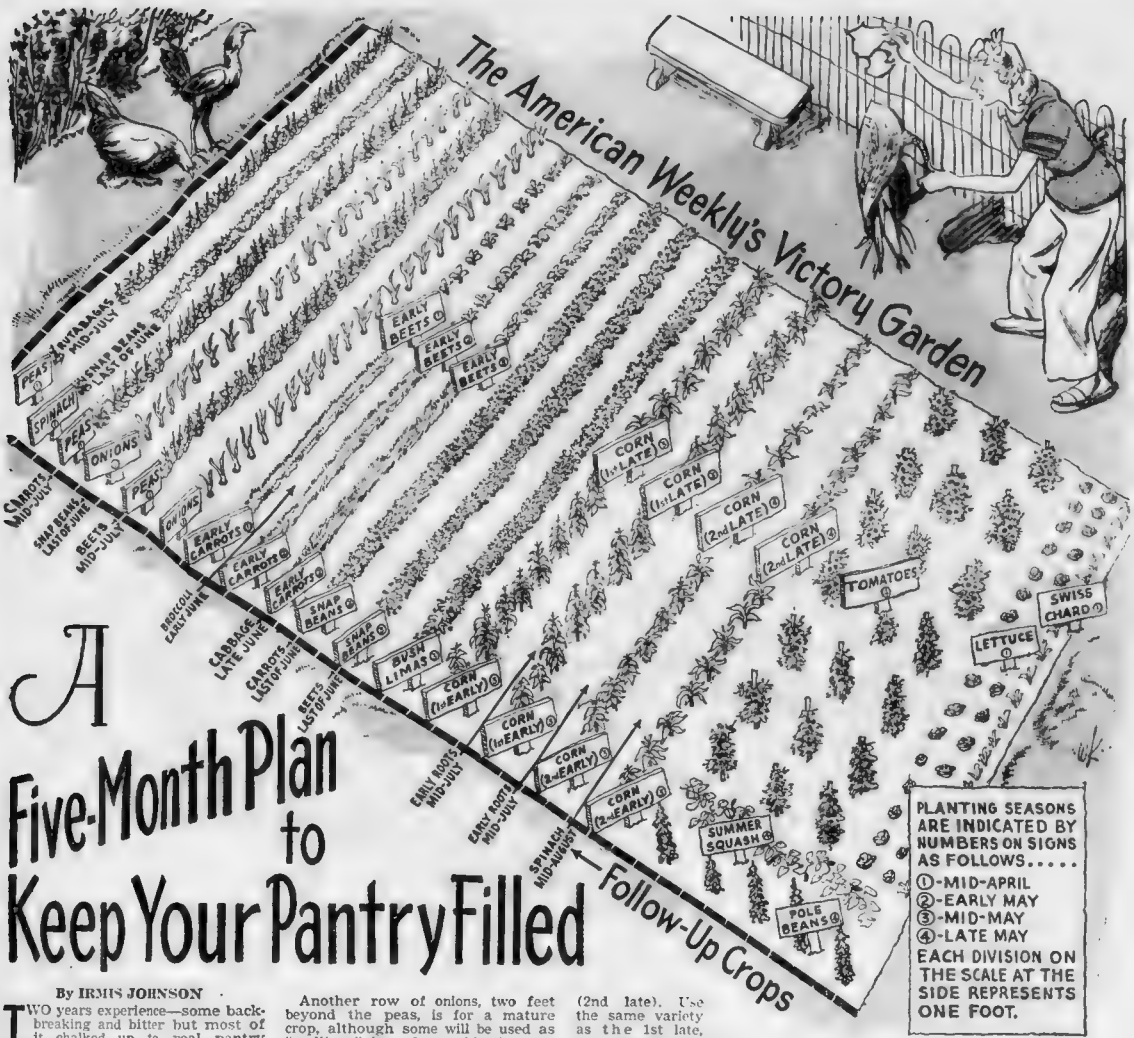
Enlist Sunbrite Cleanser in *your* War on Waste. Sunbrite saves soap—makes your cleaning pennies go lots farther. Sunbrite saves food in refrigerators by routing out food-spoiling mold spores. Sunbrite fights greasy dirt not one or two, but *three* ways: Sunbrite's fine-grained abrasive frees grit without damaging surfaces. Its gentle chemicals cut grease easily, without stinging your hands or wearing out your aluminum pans. Its special soap base ideally combines to float out grit, grease and germs jiffy-quick! Switch to Sunbrite, the split-minute, all-purpose cleanser that thousands of smart, thrifty homemakers have preferred for more than a quarter century!

MADE BY SWIFT & COMPANY

Susie S. says:

"Knocks out dirt,
Doesn't hurt
Sinks and pans
Or dainty hands!"

BUY ANOTHER WAR BOND!



A Five-Month Plan to Keep Your Pantry Filled

By IRMIS JOHNSON

TWO years experience—some back-breaking and bitter but most of it chalked up to real pantry profit—has proved to millions of Victory Gardeners that supplying one's own table with home-grown vegetables isn't a hit-or-miss job.

A plan to keep every foot of ground in your plot working is absolutely necessary, unless you're willing to risk weeks of scanty fare and bare cupboard shelves.

The busier the ground is kept the more canning you'll do, too.

For small backyards where a 20x40-foot plot is all the available space, The American Weekly offers a five-month garden scheme that will feed a family of four amply, with a small surplus for storage and canning. Yet keeping it planted, weeded and going full tilt won't overtax the time and energy of its owner, who, it's assumed, will have a daytime job.

Naturally you'll adopt your planting season to your own climate. Approximate dates are given here.

The entire garden should be plowed or spaded, and the first 12 feet of seedbed prepared by this time.

Start your planting, now in mid-April, with three double rows of peas to be grown on wire or brush. These are spaced three feet apart, with the paired rows six inches apart. If you select three varieties of seed, one quick-growing, one medium, and one slow, all peas can be planted at once, yet you will have a staggered crop.

Early spinach or mustard spinach is put in between the first two rows of peas. It should be rushed and will last from five to seven weeks. The green onions between the next two rows of peas will be used up six weeks after the seed is planted.

Another row of onions, two feet beyond the peas, is for a mature crop, although some will be used as "scallions" in order to thin the row. After this thinning process six pepper plants can be put in about two-and-one-half feet apart.

Now sow a quick-growing variety of carrots, in the next half row; and similarly plant quick-growing beets in the other half. You can mix radish seeds with the carrots and beets, and, as radishes are used, the crop is automatically thinned.

At the far end of the plot is a small salad bed of three rows. Two varieties of lettuce, preferably one leaf and one loose heading, are planted as needed. Plant only a third of a row at a time or you'll have more salad than you and all the neighbors can use. Keep renewing all through the season.

The Swiss chard, also planted right now, will last through the summer and early fall.

This finishes your work for April.

Early in May put in another row of carrots, radishes and beets. Then get busy preparing another section of seedbed measuring 17 feet to take care of the planting you will do in the middle part of May.

This will include a third row of carrots, radishes and beets, two rows of snap beans, one green and one wax, one double row of bush limas and four rows of corn. The garden plan gives necessary spacing of rows.

But planting the corn is a bit tricky. Hybrid varieties should be selected; one quick-growing (1st early); one medium (2nd early); and one slow (1st late). Plant these, all at once, as indicated.

This completes the mid-May sowing with the exception of the corn (2nd late). Use the same variety as the 1st late, but wait another two weeks before planting, which probably will bring it into the fourth planting group.

Prepare the remaining seedbed. Here tomato plants, summer squash and pole beans put in late in May will last until fall.

The follow-up crops indicated along the side of our garden—and in the first two rows because of lack of space—go in as soon as each row is empty.

When peas and bush beans have quit bearing, don't pull them up but snip them off near the ground, leaving the roots in. Then re-work the soil before planting the succession crops. This leaves important nitrogen underground.

All rotations of crops in this garden are planned so the mineral balance of the soil will not be depleted.

In all instances the term "early" means a quick-growing variety, and "late," one that develops more slowly for fall or winter use.

The follow-up carrots and beets in rows three and five are slow-growing for winter storage. Roots planted between early corn rows in July should be quick-growing.

Selection of seeds, if it has not already been done, will depend largely on what is left in the market. Purchase from a reliable seed source which will provide adequate information about the time required for the plants to develop.

However, once the seeds are in the ground it's up to you to keep out the weeds and see that the water supply is adequate, or they won't live up to any promised growing schedule.

A canvas hose that allows water to seep out all along its length is particularly desirable. This can be made, if need be, from a strip of canvas sewn tightly into a tube and attached to a regular hose. Never sprinkle. During periods of real drought soak the ground to a depth of about four to six inches.

Get the weeds early while they're small. A scuffle hoe is a useful implement for cutting them off right at the surface of the soil. Pulling weeds, especially if they're of any size, injures the vegetable plants.

Unless you live in Utopia you'll be troubled with bugs-as-usual. Hand-pick the big ones by knocking them into kerosene and water. This is cheaper and easier than spraying.

But if you have aphids on your peas get right after them with rotenone or nicotine.

We've assumed that your seedbeds were properly fertilized, but greens such as lettuce, spinach and chard which should be rushed to keep them tender—need additional fertilizer or starter solutions every two weeks.

It probably is unnecessary to remind even a reasonably amateur gardener that he must keep fruits and pods picked if he is to get the most out of his plants. In the accompanying garden plan, picking bush beans as they grow probably will more than keep the table supplied, so can a few pints whenever there's a surplus. The same applies to peas.

With proper care you will reap a gratifying harvest.

How much you eat and what portion you store is largely up to you.

"God Is MY Doctor"

The Real Story of Her Battle Against Infantile Paralysis

by Sister Elizabeth Kenny

It Took Sister Kenny 30 Long, Hard, Bitter Years to Finally Convince Medical Critics That Hot Packs, Massage, Exercise and Mental Therapy Would Start Over 85 Per Cent of the Little Paralysis Sufferers on the Road to Complete Recovery.

With Acceptance of the Kenny Method Orthodox Plaster-Cast Prisons, Steel Braces and Other Means of Correcting Muscles After They're Crippled, Instead of Preventing Damage, Are Being Discarded.

The real difference between my treatment of the disease and the orthodox treatments lies, perhaps, in the discovery that the true symptoms of infantile paralysis are not the ones accepted by the medical profession throughout the world. In fact, they are almost the opposite.

It has been the accepted theory that deformities are caused by "strong muscles pulling the weak ones." That isn't true. Deformities are caused by spasm in the affected muscles. The orthodox treatment has attempted to prevent or correct deformities by splinting and other means of immobilization. I have discarded that method entirely. It is not only unnecessary and painful, but it is damaging and often disastrous.

I REMEMBER one little girl who had been in a plaster cast so long she had forgotten there was any other way to live. When she came to my clinic and we broke the ugly straitjacket from her body, she was frightened. She felt that she was about to float away.

There have been times when I felt physically sick as I passed through wards where the orthodox treatment was used. I have watched physiotherapists making plaster casts for arms, legs, backs and hands. I have watched the little bodies lying in a row in the sun, waiting for the casts to dry. I have shuddered at the resigned, helpless looks on the young faces. I have quailed mentally at the thought of the months and even years that the poor little victims of ignorance must spend in their plaster prisons.

How much longer, dear Heaven, is the world going to permit such unnecessary pain?

How much longer will it take the medical world to realize that splinting, by the application of sheer force, may keep a patient's body straighter, but it prevents articulation and turns the muscle fibre into a useless, non-elastic mass?

In addition to the tendency to truss victims up in archaic torture devices, many doctors today are too prone to give up easily. If the patient doesn't show improvement after having been strapped or laced or molded into immobility, they feel that it's a hopeless case and there's no use spending any more time or effort. Tommyrot!

I was telling somebody just the other day about a recent case I had. The patient was a young man. He had spent a year and eight months in various institutions and finally had been discharged as a hopeless cripple. We took him into the institute at Minneapolis. He spent a year and a third here. 16 long months spent in undoing the effects of wrong treatment. Today that "hopeless cripple" is working in a war plant and driving his own car there and back every day.

If we are able to treat victims early enough, we can usually help them quickly. But when we have to combat the effects of the disease and correct somebody else's work besides, our chances of success are greatly diminished.

I said 30 years ago, and I reiterate today, that there is only one way to fight infantile paralysis, and that is to give treatment for all the symptoms as they present themselves—pain, spasm, incoordination and mental alienation.

Before I retire from the struggle I want that truth to be shouted from the housetops in all the cities of the world.

When the last little body has been strapped to an unyielding and painful splint, when the last cruel, archaic brace has been applied to suffering little children's limbs that could heal themselves, I will know that I was not guided in vain that terrifying night in an Australian backwoods cabin, when God was my doctor. I will know that part of mankind's long heritage of suffering has come to an end.

In the fifth and last instalment of her story, Sister Kenny will tell how an accident contributed to the comfort of thousands of children.

CHAPTER IV

I HAVE never been given to dreaming. I suppose I have never had time. But occasionally now, when I wander away by myself for a few minutes of relaxation, I dream of the day when every sufferer from infantile paralysis can run and play normally again a few weeks after he is stricken.

That lapse of time is comparatively short now in cases where the Kenny treatment may be used effectively.

It may soon be shortened even more, because of a discovery I made long ago, but have only recently been able to demonstrate to the medical profession.

It is the ability to detect the approach of poliomyelitis before the symptoms become apparent. That may mean little to the lay reader, but it is tremendously important because it makes possible the application of the proper treatment in the first stages of the disease. To do that is to quicken the recovery and lessen the pain.

When I chanced on this phase of poliomyelitis I was visiting in West Malden, Queensland. It was in September, 29 years ago, "Sweet September, Australia's month of gold." The wattles were blooming on the hillsides and the skies were bright with spring. Yes, spring. It must be remembered that the seasons are the opposite of those here.

My birthday is Sept. 20, and each year on that date I gave the children of the district a picnic.

At this particular anniversary party, there were races, of course, because, next to the food, the most important feature of any Australian picnic is a series of foot races.

Usually a child I'll call Mary Lucy won. That nine year-old girl had been able to run like the wind almost from the day she was born.

But this time I noticed there was something wrong. No matter how hard she tried, she would always lag behind.

I took Mary to one side and asked if she were ill. She shook her head. No, she was feeling fine. The only trouble was she had stubbed her toe and it was bleeding a little.

I led her into the station to put a dressing on her bare foot. I placed her on the table. As I ran my hands over her strong little body, something struck me with the force of a blow. There was an odd condition in her muscular system. Why? I made a thorough examination of her but could not find the answer.

"Are you sure you feel all right?" I asked.

She smiled. "Yes, I'm fine, Sister." And with that she ran from the station resuming her play happily.

The next day I saw her and she was smiling and happy. But the next I was called to her bedside. There was no mistaking then what was wrong. Infantile paralysis. The symptoms I knew so well were present now. And I had the answer to the question that had puzzled me two days before. That condition I had noted in Mary's muscular system was the first symptom of the disease.

How often, since that day, have I seen that condition manifest itself in the bodies of children who apparently were well! How much it would have meant to suffering childhood if I had, at that juncture, been permitted to present my findings to the medical world! But, as in the case of the treatment itself, doctors of that period weren't even slightly interested.

Of course. I realize that doctors should be skeptical when precious lives are at stake. Who should know better? I am a nurse. But because I was only a nurse they wouldn't listen to me. At times I cursed helplessly with bitterness because it took the medical profession 33 years to accept my theories. I say "accept." There are skeptics even now. And it took 29 years to show the world of medicine that I could diagnose the disease before the obvious symptoms made their appearance.

NOT until last fall was I able to demonstrate officially that there is a muscular condition that heralds the approach of poliomyelitis. It happened right here at the Elizabeth Kenny Institute in Minneapolis.

There were 12 patients under observation. I examined each child thoroughly. In one case I recognized the condition I had first discovered in little Mary Lucy. Here was my chance to prove my point. I called the professor of pediatrics at the University of Minnesota and asked him to come over and examine the child. He was very busy, and gave me several reasons why he couldn't come then. I didn't think any of them were important enough to delay him.

In desperation I went on a sit-down strike. The assistant professor of pediatrics was at the institute and I told him I would not go on with my work until his chief put in an appearance. He sent a car for his senior, and I was able to point out to him the telltale condition in the child's muscular system.

"There it is," I said. "You can see clearly what I am talking about. This child doesn't have infantile paralysis now, as you medical men recognize it. But I tell you that within 48 hours there will be symptoms that are unmistakable."

He admitted there was a condition that anyone, with the proper training, couldn't overlook. But he wasn't at all convinced that it meant what I said it did.

Two days later my little patient was lying on a bed of pain, with her legs drawn up to her chin and the other ago gazing signs of poliomyelitis.

I had proved my point. I had shown that the disease could be diagnosed in its earliest stages, when treatment will be at the peak of effectiveness.

But there is much more to be done. Doctors and technicians must be shown how to recognize the condition when it first becomes manifest. They must learn to recognize it unmistakably, so that no false steps will be taken. All this requires time and money and patience, plus a willingness to learn and a confidence in the instructor.

There are so many stubborn people in the world and the medical profession, I am afraid, has more than its share of them. I could fill whole pages like this with instances in which doctors have refused even to listen to a description of my technique.

I remember a session at Queen Mary's Hospital, Carshalton, England, where I was conducting a clinic. A committee of some of England's most distinguished medical men had been appointed by the London County Council to report on my work.

I read a long paper to the committee, at the end of which I pointed out that the orthodox theory was that the muscles affected by infantile paralysis were flabby and flaccid, while my theory was that their condition was due to spasm.

"Spasm? What do you mean?" the chairman demanded.

When I started to explain, he hooked his thumbs in his vest pockets, walked to a window and stood gazing out at the street. The other committee members followed suit. I was left talking to a lot of unheeding and very impolite backs. And that was the only time I had a chance to—or wanted to talk to the committee.

At Brisbane General Hospital in Australia, I was conducting a bi-weekly clinic for the senior medical men of the hospital, using as my patient a little girl in the acute stage of infantile paralysis. She was making such rapid progress that I thought the others should be as enthusiastic as I. But when, at the end of my seventh lecture, they were just as stolid and phlegmatic as they had been at the outset, I demanded to know what they thought about the results I was obtaining.

They remained mute. Finally one of them said: "We're not orthopedic surgeons, so we're not qualified to express an opinion."

My Irish temper got the best of me.

"You call yourselves doctors!" I exclaimed. "Look! If the muscles are tight and the joints are loose, the stiffness of the body must be caused by the tightened muscles that prevent joint mobility, and not by the joints themselves. You could be chimney sweeps and still understand that much!"

I think American doctors more than any others in the world, are willing to accept something new. In fact, the outstanding characteristics I have found in the American people is a propensity to inquire into everything, to see for themselves just what is going on.

When people ask me what I most admire about the American people, I reply laughingly.

"Their courageous efforts, and apparently successful ones, to cut a piece of tough steak with the side of a blunt fork."

When I first came here, I rather felt that I was attempting to do the same thing. Everybody was pleasant, but distant. The doctors spread the word around that I had evolved what they called a "hot pack treatment" for infantile paralysis. That annoyed me. It is true that I apply pieces of wool dipped in boiling water, a method I discovered for myself on my first paralysis case. But hot foments have been used in one way or another for years.

Driven Mad by Old Deathbed Curse?

King John's

Forced to Sign the Magna Carta, the Angry King Raised an Army and Revenged Himself Upon His Nobles by Raiding and Looting Their Castles.

The Pitiful Plight of Rich Mrs. Boone, Who Wanted More Gold, But, Like Others, Lost the Trail and Her Mind in the Search for the Fabulous Buried Treasure of the Bad-Tempered Monarch

By EMILE C. SCHNURMACHER

"When one the wraith of bad King John doth see
Eftsoons that one shall crazy be."

ONCE more the 700-year-old curse of King John of England and the fabulous treasure of The Wash has struck. To the long list of victims who have searched for the 13th century treasure trove and become insane, the name of Muriel H. Wurts-Dundas Boone was added recently.

The other day Muriel, who in 1930 was reputed to be worth $40,000,000 when she married James R. Herbert Boone of Baltimore, was declared by the Supreme Court in New York City to be "incompetent to manage her affairs by reason of lunacy." Her American fortune, now shrunk to $1,300,000, was placed in control of two lawyers.

Muriel herself wasn't in court to hear the pronouncement. Since June 1942, she has been a patient in a sanitarium near London, at Mead House, Hays, Middlesex.

When they heard what had happened, some of the simple country folk who lived near The Wash on the East Coast of England merely shook their heads gravely and quoted the old English curse. Mrs. Boone and her husband had searched for the treasure of The Wash back in 1933, they pointed out.

Just what Muriel did see that affected her mind perhaps will never be known. But whether it was a ghost or merely a figment of her imagination, the legend of King John and his treasure valued at millions of dollars still has a firm basis in historical fact.

In 1216, King John, enraged at being forced to sign the Magna Carta, raised an army and retaliated on his barons by raiding and plundering their castles. During these forays he had to cross The Wash, a curious bay over which the tide rises with terrific speed.

On Oct. 12, 1216, the King and his knights were re-crossing The Wash with their loot. They rode on higher ground, carrying fortunes of jewels in their saddle pouches. But the King's heavy, clumsy wagons, loaded with gold coin, passed over the flat sands. Suddenly the wagons, horses and men were overtaken by the tide and sank in quicksands.

The King was so infuriated by the disaster that he died a few days later after visiting near-by Rockingham Castle. On his deathbed he called down a curse upon anyone who would dare to recover his treasure.

The vicinity where the loss occurred has always been known as "King John's Bank," and some of the lighter objects of treasure were dug up in earlier times, although the finders were said to have derived scant benefit. According to local history, all of them later became insane.

From 1904 to 1923 eight well organized expeditions explored The Wash and in every instance, according to local stories, either the leader or someone in the party saw the wraith of old King John and subsequently became crazy.

In 1911 an English engineer named John Haldane began to search for the treasure and then stopped abruptly. He told his friends a bizarre tale of seeing "the ghost of the wicked king and his faceless knights ride across The Wash." So obsessed was he by his hallucinations that he flew to Paris to escape them, only to be killed in an airplane crash at Le Bourget airport, near the French capital.

Then in 1933 Boone and his wife began to explore for the treasure with a businesslike expedition which they organized under the name of "Fen Research, Ltd." With them were several distinguished scientists and archeologists, including Gaspard Ponsonby, son of Sir Frederick Ponsonby, Keeper of the Privy Purse.

For several months the expedition engaged in a thorough but fruitless attempt to find a trace of the treasure. Then one morning the archeologists were shocked to read that an anonymous diviner with a cork, needle and thread had been exploring the ground and that his homemade divining rod apparently had succeeded in discovering the hoard.

It was inferred that Boone was responsible for the presence of the diviner, and the scientists informed him that this was entirely out of keeping with a dignified expedition. While Boone did not openly defend the diviner, he announced that Fen Research, Ltd., would continue its exploration without the aid of regular archeologists.

Shortly thereafter Muriel Boone is supposed to have told friends that she had seen the ghost of King John and no good would come of the venture. Her husband soon found himself in the English law court, being sued for damages by Ponsonby, who alleged that Boone, after hiring him to search for treasure, had wrongfully dismissed him.

Boone abandoned the search for King John's hoard in 1934, but from then on misfortune seemed to follow him and his wife.

They came to New York City for a visit in 1937, and the U. S. Customs agents took possession of 31 of their 37 bags and trunks after trouble over some uncut stones. Boone put up $20,000 to get his luggage back.

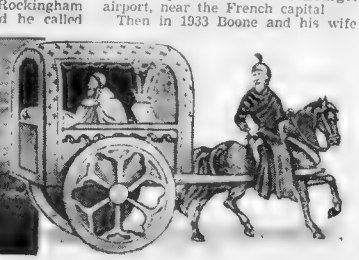
Then they returned abroad and were traveling in Europe when the war broke out. After a series of trying experiences they reached England, where they remained. Muriel became ill and in 1942 went to the sanitarium where she has remained.

The simple folk who live near The Wash have their explanation of her strange case. The curse of evil King John has struck again.

Boone, Latest King's Muriel H. Wurts-Dundas to Dare the Curse.

Loaded Down by Millions in Plundered Gold Coin, King John's Wagon Train Was Engulfed by the Swiftly Rising Tide of The Wash.

"King John's Bank," the Lonely Marsh Where His Treasure Is Believed to Lie and Which His Ghost Is Said to Haunt.



Old Print of One of the Clumsy Wagons in King John's Train.

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1 Have they EXTRA JUICE ?

YES! Loads of extra juice! And now Florida's juiciest fruit—its wonderful Spring-time crop—is here. Give the family a "Double Orange Juice" every day!

2 EXTRA VITAMIN C ?

YES! Because Florida oranges give you so much extra juice, they fortify you and those active youngsters the natural way—with extra vitamin C.

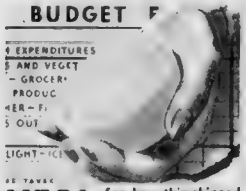
3 EXTRA WHOLESOME ?

YES! Uncle Sam's nutrition program says every man, woman and child in America needs vitamin C daily—for strong muscles, blood vessels, and bone!

4 EXTRA FLAVORY and SWEET ?

YES! A Florida orange is as sweet, as refreshing, as delicious an orange as Mother Nature grows! And Floridas this time of year are the juiciest ever!

5 An EXTRA BIG BARGAIN ?



YES! See how thin-skinned they are! And how little of that white, wasteful "rag." Every penny spent for Floridas buys EXTRA JUICE—extra VITAMIN C.

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Yes...get FLORIDA ORANGES for Extra Juice

Her own fault—if she'd check her hat, pillow or hairbrush, she wouldn't be sitting home tonight. She'd realize that the scalp perspires, too—and that the hair, particularly oily hair, quickly collects unpleasant odors.

She'd use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly and never risk scalp odor again. This gentle shampoo, which contains pure medicinal pine tar, cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly and leaves the hair fresh and fragrant. The delicate pine scent shows its work—then disappears.

Don't risk having scalp odor you could know it. Let Packer's care for your hair and scalp. You can get Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.

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GREAT TONIC
for All Ages
the Year Around!

Recommended by Many DOCTORS

Helps tone up adult systems — helps children build sound teeth, strong bones.

IT'S GOOD-TASTING!

Try SCOTT'S EMULSION

You MUST Click!

MANY pretty and amiable girls patriotically taken hostess jobs at canteens and service clubs have wound up wondering just why they fail to click with the men in uniform.

A lot of these well meaning maids who want to cut up dance didoes to entertain the boys find themselves doing nothing but playing wallflower and they are puzzled.

To an authority on ballroom etiquette like Mrs. Arthur Murray, wife of the well-known dancing master, there is no mystery as to why some of her sex wind up on the sidelines.

It is simply because they don't know how to act on the dance floor.

The rules for good dancing are closely bound up with the code of good manners. There are, according to Mrs. Murray, ten cardinal laws for behavior when

tripping the light fantastic.

First of all, never wear a hat—particularly the large front porch kind that forces a partner to lean back.

Second, don't be a nestler. The ballroom is not the place to cuddle. You look silly, and invariably embarrass your partner.

The third, and one of the most important—don't be a show-off. If you want to teach the soldier or sailor a tricky step—do it in private—and not where you make him conspicuous.

Rule number four is avoid being a "wooden ninnie." Dance as though you enjoy it—and if you don't, then don't dance.

When you're on the floor—says law number five—don't flirt with someone else over your partner's shoulder. It's rude.

One sure way of getting rid of a man is to violate the sixth rule—which is never to hum or sing while gliding around the floor.

Another trick for making your partner mad is to be a "junk unloader"—that is, make him fill his pockets with such things as your compact, purse and gloves.

Rule eight—which applies to men as well as to women—is don't be a floor hog. Never take the center of the hall so you can get in your strenuous jive.

The ninth commandment is never stop dancing to talk or wave to somebody else. It is extremely impolite, and embarrassing.

The tenth rule, and this applies particularly to canteen hostesses is don't refuse a man a dance. You are there to see to his entertainment, and not yours.

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Self Polishing Simoniz Shines as It Dries
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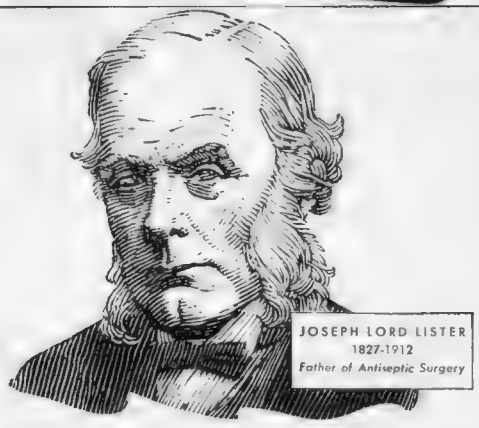
LONGER VISIBLE BEAUTY



JOSEPH LORD LISTER
1827-1912
Father of Antiseptic Surgery

AN INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF GOD . . .

"As an instrument in God's hands, Lister has wrought more for the relief of suffering, for the security of life, for the prevention of anxiety, and for the promotion of happiness, than any one man who has ever trod this earth." So spoke one of Lister's associates, a doctor of international fame.

ALMOST alone and single-handed this great, good man, the "father of antiseptic surgery," brought health and life out of a morass of suffering and death.

But for his unshakeable faith in a "fantastic" theory, initiated by the immortal Pasteur, and his tireless efforts to prove its truth in the face of derision and mockery, the fatalities of war, both civilian and military, might reach appalling proportions.

For it was Lister's fierce conviction that fatal infections were caused, not by atmospheric changes or mysterious conditions set up by the wound itself, but by tiny germs carried by the air into the wound. The world laughed at him.

And it was Lister, using the crudest kind of carbolic acid as an antiseptic, who proved that by killing or controlling these germs in sufficient numbers at every stage—*before, during and after an operation*—Death could often be averted.

Though all England rang with his fame as a surgeon, it was years before hostile critics accepted his life giving methods, the simple essence of which was absolute cleanliness.

It was for this benefactor of mankind that Listerine Antiseptic was named. Today, as in its early years, it is recognized as a dependable and delightful mouth wash providing rapid germ-killing action with complete safety.

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FOR COUNTLESS LITTLE EMERGENCIES **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

CUTICURA
SOAP and OINTMENT
For PROMPT RELIEF
of externally caused
PIMPLES
RASHES
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Tips for first aid removal
Helps clear up externally caused skin blemishes! At All Druggists. For FREE Ointment Sample, write Cuticura, Dept. A, Malden, Mass.

CHERYL WALKER

in Sol Lesser's Motion Picture

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Send me a list of Franchise Salons in my community where Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent is given by experts. Also send free booklet which describes all Frederics famous permanents.

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FOOD SUPPLEMENT AT YOUR GROCER'S!
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Read The American Weekly.

Fell into $250,000

DIGGING for water on the hot desert near the Upper Egyptian town of Akhmim the other day, a couple of burnoose-clad peasants let out yells of fright when the ground suddenly opened up and swallowed them.

For a dozen feet or more the two tumbled, swearing and kicking. Then their shouts of fear quickly changed to cries of amazement when, winding up in a heap at the bottom of a well-like hole, they discovered they were sitting right in the midst of thousands of gold coins.

What the thunderstruck peasants didn't know was that by sheer luck they had uncovered the long-lost tomb of King Mena. Their shovels had loosened a secret entrance to the treasure chamber of the first Pharaohs.

Falling into a pile of gold—later assessed at $250,000—would seem to be incredible luck. But not for these natives. They wound up in jail. The pair might have been handsomely rewarded and honored for their find, but they made the mistake of hiding the treasure.

Just how the peasants figured they were going to palm off the coins—some of which dated back to 1,500 years before Christ's time—is a mystery, but try it they did. Authorities were soon on their trail. Finally clapped into jail, the two told the story of their remarkable find.

Archeologists were quickly dispatched to the scene. Excavations were begun and within a short time over a quarter of a million dollars in gold coins and other valuables were removed from the treasure tomb. Egyptologists hailed the discovery as one of the greatest in a decade.

Not only did the burial place contain relics from King Mena's time (3,400 B. C.) but there were coins and treasure from the time of King Thothmes III (1501-1448 B. C.) as well.

At just what date the grave was lost to the world is not known, but archeologists estimate that it was blown over with sand and forgotten some 3,300 years ago. Had it not been for the water-hunting peasants it might never have been found.

The Fearful Cries of the Well-Diggers Turned to Shouts of Joy When They Tumbled Into a Fortune.

Although no scientific announcement has been made — and probably none will be until all the research is completed — the new find at Akhmim definitely refutes the theory that the first Pharaoh was buried at Thinis, 350 miles south of Cairo.

When several underground brick-walled tombs were uncovered at Thinis some years ago, and relics of the Mena era were found, Egyptologists thought that at last the tomb of the ancient king had been uncovered. But now the Akhmim discovery changes the whole idea.

Soon many new excavations will be made. The odds are that other buried treasure and tombs of ancient Egypt may be near-by.

Just what will happen to the "lucky" peasants remains to be seen. But right now they are awaiting trial.

The Safest Investment in the World Is America. Buy War Bonds!

"Sometimes I Think Frolingsbusch Is Overdoing This Dollar-a-Year Stuff."

New-type ink protects pens against breakdowns!

Solv-x in Parker Quink safeguards metal and rubber . . . helps keep pens out of the repair shop!

Here is the writing fluid that proves most pen failures can be avoided. For remarkable Parker Quink contains *solv-x* that protects all makes of pens in 4 ways:

1. *Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot always caused by high-acid inks.*
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4. *Cleans your pen as it writes—keeps it out of the repair shop.*

Only Parker Quink contains *solv-x* yet Quink actually costs no more than ordinary, high-acid inks. So empty your pen today and fill it with famous Parker Quink. Brilliant, smooth-flowing, fast-drying . . . you'll find Quink is ideal for steel pens, too. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

"MICRO-FILM BLACK", the all-purpose black ink. *Writes black, stays black. Ideal for V-Mail; photographs perfectly. Quink comes in 7 permanent colors: Micro-film Black, Blue-Black, Royal Blue, Green, Violet, Brown, Red. 2 washable colors: Black, Blue. Family size 25¢. Other sizes 15¢ and up.*

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MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS NOW!

PARKER *Quink*

the only ink containing solv-x

She Does It With Mirrors

The Artist Paints a Picture—of the Artist Painting a Picture.

If the Navy Brass Hats Had Only Consulted Miss Mozert Before They Chose the Waves' Uniforms—

A Landing Party About to Land—What Sports Writers Call a Sudden Reversal of Form.

Zoe Mozert's Self Portrait Hints at Why She's Her Own Best Model.

PLENTY of women artists have successfully depicted beautiful women—chic or exquisite or subtle or even compelling—but always it's been with a woman's, not a man's, notion of sex appeal. Either the women artists can't see what a man likes to see or unconsciously they can't bear to give the other woman the full measure of her allurement.

But Zoe Mozert gets a certain something into her work that gives her calendar and cover girls the genuine oomph for men.

She thinks she knows how she does it. "I surround myself with beautiful women," she says—chiefly her sister and cousin, both models, and their model friends—"and I keep myself interested in men as much as my work will let me. Therefore, I draw the kind of girl I wish I had time—and the nerve—to be."

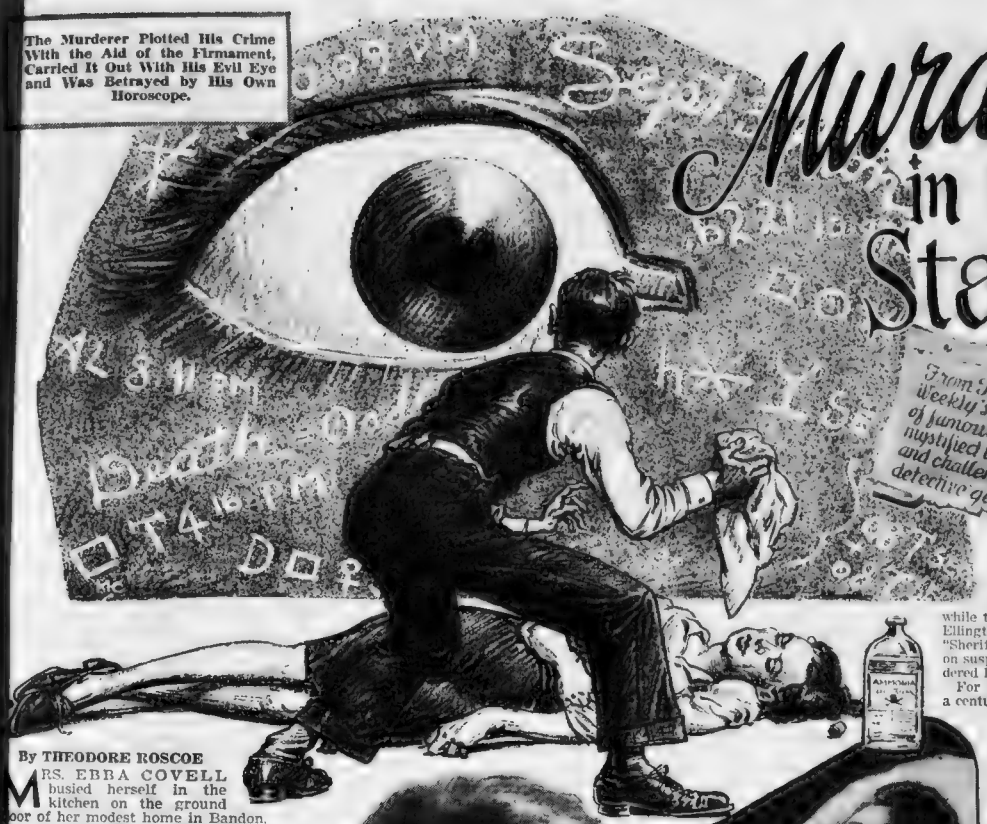
Maybe. But there's another factor. By skilful manipulation of lights and cheval glass Miss Mozert is able to pose, literally, as her own model. So perhaps the old saw still holds true—that women can't paint other women with sex appeal. For after all, by the aid of mirrors it's not some other woman with sex appeal that Zoe Mozert paints.

The Army Air Force Might Find This Uniform Impractical, But Wouldn't It Look Nice on a Girl Recruiting Sergeant?

The Murderer Plotted His Crime With the Aid of the Firmament, Carried It Out With His Evil Eye and Was Betrayed by His Own Horoscope.

Murder in the Stars

From The American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past, and challenged our best detective genius.



By THEODORE ROSCOE

MRS. EBBA COVELL busied herself in the kitchen on the ground floor of her modest home in Bandon, Ore. It was shortly before noon, and the date was Sept. 16, 1923.

Mrs. Covell put a pan on the stove and stooped to light the gas. She never heard a door open behind her, the furtive steps, the reaching hands.

The hands closed swiftly. She struggled briefly and then fell limply to the floor—dead. A pungent odor of chemical fumes filled the kitchen.

Upstairs, pinned in his bed, Arthur Covell, brother of Ebba's husband, studied astrological charts. Paralyzed as the result of an automobile accident, he became interested in star-divination and developed a fairly successful mail order business from his bedside by selling horoscopes.

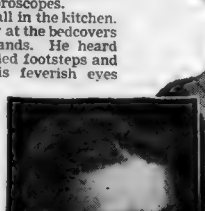
Arthur heard the fall in the kitchen. He plucked nervously at the bedcovers with his paralytic hands. He heard some scuffling, muffled footsteps and a slight outcry. His feverish eyes turned wildly to an astrological chart at his side, covered with queer zodiacal signs.

With some effort he reached for the telephone on the night table and called up his brother, Ebba's husband. With a frantic voice he cried into the mouthpiece: "Fred, come home at once! I'm afraid something's happened to Ebba."

Dr. Frederick Covell was a chiropractor. His first wife had died some time before, leaving him two children, Lucille, 16, and Alton, 14, both of subnormal intelligence. Alton had been committed to a Portland school for the feeble-minded, but was permitted to stay at home when Dr. Covell remarried.

With his second wife, Ebba, he had two more children, both normal. He had a tough time to make both ends meet, but lately he'd been doing pretty well financially, and his brother, Arthur, whom he had to support for some time, had been making a little money, too, through the sale of his horoscopes.

Arthur Covell, a Bedridden Invalid Who Delved Too Deeply Into the Mysteries of the Stars.



Alton Covell, Pawn in a Deadly Game.

Mrs. Ebba Covell, Victim of Oregon's Strangest Slayer.

As soon as he received the call, Dr. Covell rushed home. He found Ebba on the kitchen floor, dead. He ran upstairs where he found his feeble-minded son, Alton, frightened, in his brother's room. Lucille was out, and the little children were at school.

The star-gazing brother couldn't add anything to the information he gave over the phone. Alton only mumbled. There was nothing else to do but call the sheriff.

Sheriff Ellingson came immediately. Two young ambulance doctors examined the body. The coroner's jury agreed with the verdict of the medical examiners: there was a slight acid burn on the dead woman's mouth, but the cause of her death apparently was a broken neck.

Following a routine examination the sheriff went upstairs with Dr. Covell and the coroner. As they entered his room, Arthur was propped up in a frame of pillows. His dark eyes glowed, and his wan cheeks were flushed from the unusual excitement.

Without any preliminaries the sheriff said bluntly:

"Your sister-in-law has been murdered, Mr. Covell. Can you give us any information about it?"

"Only what I told my brother," the invalid said, panting. "I don't know what happened. It was Alton who found his stepmother when he came in . . . "

Throughout the questioning the sheriff eyed Dr. Covell with suspicion. As though reading the sheriff's thoughts the coroner looked at the chiropractor's strong hands.

"Frederick Covell," the coroner asked, "didn't you twist and break your wife's neck this morning?"

The invalid cried pitifully from his bed: "No! No! No!" while the coroner turned to Ellington and said firmly: "Sheriff, arrest Dr. Covell on suspicion of having murdered his wife."

For the first time in half a century Bandon, Ore., had a murder case—one that was to prove the strangest in the history of the state.

But District Attorney Benjamin Fisher at Coquille was not convinced of Dr. Covell's guilt. He summoned Luke May, a detective, from Seattle, Wash., considered a second Sherlock Holmes along the West Coast.

When Detective May expressed doubt that Mrs. Covell had died of a broken neck, the D. A. appointed Dr. George Mingus, of Marshfield, to conduct a second autopsy.

Dr. Mingus at once established that Mrs. Covell's neck had not been broken, but that someone must have held a cloth saturated with ammonia over her mouth and nose, and that she, therefore, died of asphyxiation.

May found Lucille and Alton strangely sullen and unresponsive. Their reticence increased whenever he mentioned their crippled uncle.

In Arthur's room, May found a diary written in hieroglyphic astrological symbols. Three days later the detective burst in the D. A.'s office:

"Ben," he cried, "I decoded the diary and found that Uncle Arthur had foretold the day and hour of Ebba's murder two days before it happened!"

"Impossible," exclaimed the D. A.

"Why? He arranged it all himself!" said May. "Not only that, but he planned to kidnap another Bandon woman and murder 27 other people! It's all in this astrological rigmarole, including the dates when the crimes were to be committed by means of a strange control he had over Alton and Lucille.

"It was Arthur who killed Mrs. Covell by means of hypnotism and astrology. He had a powerful hypnotic effect upon the children, and he dated his crimes to coincide with the astrologically most propitious time."

Alton withstood a five-hour grilling until May confronted the boy with a fake headline, reading: "Arthur Covell Confesses."

Alton confessed that he had killed his stepmother at Uncle Arthur's instruction. Arthur admitted it.

Convicted of this remote-control killing, Arthur Covell was hanged by the neck on May 22, 1925.

Arm muscles lame? Apply a few drops of Absorbine Jr., *rubbing* it in. This helps to increase the circulation in the affected areas so that fresh blood can carry fatigue acids away! You'll get real relief soon! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 a bottle at drugstores.
W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE Jr.

Tail-End Hero

Incredible, Impossible Adventure of Mechanic Dickerson, Unwilling Stowaway on the OUTSIDE of a Spitfire

IT SOUNDS funny now—the story of the RAF ground crew member who flew over the Libyan fighting lines cowboy fashion on the tail of a British fighter plane—but it was no joke to Leading Aircraftsman Stanley Dickerson.

Dickerson's strange adventure began when he sat down on the rear fuselage of a Spitfire that was warming up for a take-off.

As the pilot taxied down the field, the mechanic stayed on his perch—a common practice to keep such planes from nosing over.

When the ship reached the runway, the 23-year-old youth started to leap to the ground, but before he had a chance to do so, the pilot opened the throttle, and the airplane raced down the field. The pilot completely forgotten about Dickerson.

In a matter of seconds, the Spitfire was in the air, banking, and setting off for the front lines where an aerial dogfight was in progress. Dickerson banged on the side of the fuselage with his feet but, above the roar of the motor, the pilot couldn't hear him.

The ship was streaking straight for the sky battle when another pilot, flying in the same formation, noticed Dickerson's plight. This man flew ahead, waggled his wings, and pointed backwards. Only then did the first flier realize he had an unexpected passenger.

Slowly and gently, so as not to jar Dickerson from his precarious perch, the pilot turned his Spitfire and headed back for the field. Over the airdrome, he signaled for an ambulance, and then set his plane down in a beautiful three-point landing.

As soon as the ship rolled to a stop, Dickerson hopped off, miraculously alive, unhurt and, so he said, not even scared. He gave the pilot a "thumbs up" signal, the man replied in kind, and immediately took off again for the dogfight.

Before the Unlucky Aircraftsman Could Leap Off of His Precarious Perch He Was Hundreds of Feet in the Air.

Dickerson was asked how he managed to hold on to the plane at such speed.

"I didn't have to," was the amazing reply. "The slipstream from the propeller pushed me against the fin, so I just sat there."

Although Dickerson's adventure will probably become one of the classic tales of this war, another amazing air exploit recently took place in North Africa. A paratrooper named Trevor went to make a practice leap from a twin-engined training plane but was jerked up short after he had dropped a dozen feet. The static line, used to pull the parachute open as a man jumps, didn't work.

Because of the strong slipstream, the men in the plane were unable to haul the paratrooper back up. It was then that Alfred Cook, a sergeant-instructor, climbed down the static line, and tried to free Trevor's parachute. But the terrific wind began winding Cook's own rigging lines around the jump rope. Despite this great danger, he made one last and futile try at yanking the trapped man free so that the two could ride down together on one 'chute. But he finally had to let go to save himself.

In a second attempt, the men in the plane finally were able to haul Trevor back up when skilful flying cut down the pull of the slipstream.

For his bravery in trying to rescue the paratrooper, Sergeant Cook recently was awarded the George Medal.

THE Aristocrat OF Shoe Polishes

BY WHITTEMORE

TOOTHACHE? DUE TO CAVITY

QUICK, smarting relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Get either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy. Follow easy directions on box. 25¢

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ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

FORECASTER
SUPERB
AT WORK or at war, men appreciate a practical, useful, pleasure-filling gift. Send serviceable, enjoyable Forecaster Superbs. Century-old American brier in 18 shapes. . . buy yourself at least 2; send others to boys in service.
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Get the Big New ECONOMY SIZE Gives You More for Your Money

The big new Economy Size Sayman Salve contains a full 4 ounces of this grand medicated ointment and sells for only 60c. That means a big saving every time you need real help in curbing the pain and itch of externally-caused germs, chapped, rough or red skin, simple piles, minor burns and scalds. Look for—ask for—get the big Economy size.

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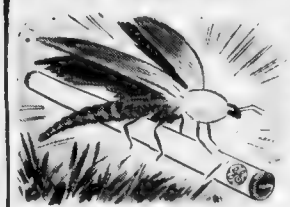

THE FIREFLY'S COLD LIGHT THAT BAFFLED SCIENTISTS FOR CENTURIES IS CLOSELY AKIN TO THE COOL, SOFT, ECONOMICAL LIGHT OF G-E FLUORESCENT LAMPS... A TYPICAL DEVELOPMENT OF G-E LAMP RESEARCH

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3 Average-Good Meals + 2 Glasses of Ovaltine Give the Normal Person All the *Extra* Vitamins and Minerals He Can Use

Government authorities say that 3 out of 4 people are under par—nervous, underweight, easily fatigued—because they don't get enough vitamins and minerals from their meals!

But you needn't worry if you are an Ovaltine user! Because 2 glasses of Ovaltine a day—and just 3 average-good meals including citrus fruit or tomatoes—will give you all the vitamins and minerals you need! All you can profitably use for perfect health, according to experts—unless you're sick and should be under a doctor's care.

Equally important, Ovaltine also supplies the *basic food substances* absolutely necessary for good health. Complete proteins, to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells. High-energy foods, for vitality and endurance. And it is specially processed for *easy digestion*—so you can get the good out of Ovaltine when you can't tolerate ordinary foods!

So don't worry about vitamins and minerals. Rely on Ovaltine to give you not only all the *extra* vitamins and minerals you need—but also all the extra *basic* food substances you must have for good health. Just follow the Ovaltine way.

3 GOOD MEALS A DAY + OVALTINE NIGHT AND MORNING

WARNING! Authorities say you can't completely trust "good" meals to supply *all* the vitamins and minerals you need for health—even with careful meal-planning—because shipping, storing, cooking reduce vitamin-mineral values of food. Today's food shortages make it more important to rely on Ovaltine for extra vitamins and minerals.

OF COURSE
Vitamin G & Niacin!
You can't be alert, awake, "alive" without Vitamin G and Niacin! You get them—and the entire Vitamin "B" complex family in Ovaltine!

OF COURSE
Vitamin D!
You get "D" from sunshine—but most of the year most people don't get enough sunshine. Rain or shine, however, you're safe with Ovaltine!

OF COURSE
Calcium & Phosphorus!
Calcium and Phosphorus are vital to, bones and nerves in adults—also to teeth in children. The Ovaltine way, you have loads.

OF COURSE
Iron!
Without iron, you can't have good red blood. Ovaltine supplies all the extra iron you need—in the only way you can fully use it!

OF COURSE
Vitamin A!
Children need Vitamin A to grow. You need it to fight off colds. With Ovaltine you get all the extra "A" experts say you need.

OF COURSE
Vitamin B_1!
You eat poorly—and you're tired, listless, nervous, "low" . . . if you don't get enough Vitamin "B_1". The Ovaltine way you get plenty!

OF COURSE
Protein & Energy Food!
Ovaltine also supplies the basic food elements absolutely necessary for good health—Protein to rebuild muscle, nerve and body cells—high-energy foods for vitality and endurance.

Ovaltine is known the world over as an ideal "building" food. Doctors recommend it to maintain vigorous health and also for those who are thin, nervous or under par.

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OR
ANTIPHLOGISTINE
(while you sleep)

There's nothing like "Moist Heat" to ease the pain of a sprain. But you don't have to bother with hot towels, compresses or soaks—just apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE comfortably hot to the painful area. ANTIPHLOGISTINE'S "Moist Heat" goes right to work—soothes pain—helps reduce swelling—hastens healing.

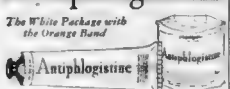
No frequent changing necessary because the "Moist Heat" of ANTIPHLOGISTINE is maintained for many hours. Works while you sleep.

Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE today—the *"Moist Heat Way"* for relieving the discomforts of everyday injuries—Bruises, Wrenched Muscles, Sprains.

Apply comfortably hot ANTIPHLOGISTINE early for best results.

Antiphlogistine

The White Package with the Orange Band



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with this soft, smooth, absorbent medication. Wonderfully soothing, cooling and comforting. Use Mexsana on your baby after every change to relieve the discomfort of diaper rash, even prevent it. This soothing, medicated powder acts like a million tiny sponges to help take up irritating moisture. Mexsana also promptly relieves itching and burning of simple skin rashes and skin irritations. Costs little. You save lots in the larger sizes. Get Mexsana.

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For That April Tired-Feeling

By URSULA TROW

RELAXATION is a word we all ought to know more about in today's busy world, and a good place to learn about it is in the bathtub.

Of course, there are all sorts of ways to take a bath, but if you want it to relax you, here are some tried and true suggestions.

Time: Preferably in the evening, either before dinner or before bed. Besides taking away the day's grime, you'll find it also removes the day's worries.

Temperature: Tepid or warm in ordinary cases. But if you're too tense and keyed-up to relax in this kind of bath, don't be afraid to take a really hot one.

Preparations: Run the water over one or two handfuls of bathmeal. Cereal in the bathtub isn't new. Ask your grandmother what the doctor recommended to her long, long ago for cleansing and soothing tender and irritated skin...meal in her bath.

Pin Up Your Hair

NOW pin your hair up securely. Go to work on your face (at the wash basin) with warm water and a cake of your favorite soap. Lather your face as your husband does when shaving, using a rotary motion. Rinse off with warm water, then cold (as cold as you can stand), and smooth on a night cream generously.

Now you're ready to step into the tub. Sit down, lean back, close your eyes, relax. Breathe deeply. The steam relaxes your nerves and acts as a tonic to your whole system.

Remain in your tub at least fifteen minutes. Time is a luxury these days? Yes, but you need a few luxuries, and this one won't spiral the cost of living.

Scrub, Too

When you're thoroughly relaxed, take a large, rough, closely-knit washcloth (for better leverage) and a smooth cake of soap. Work up a foaming lather.

Begin with your feet. Scrub them thoroughly. Use a nail brush if you prefer. The friction restores your circulation to normal—and the lather will soften any rough patches of skin on your soles.

Next, scrub your back, the entire length of your spine, as vigorously as you did your feet, with (preferably) a long-handled, firm-bristled good bath brush.

Alternate rest period and scrubbing — but remember to take your time.

If you like a cool rinse, slowly replace the water in the tub with cold water from the faucet.

Don't forget the extra glow a large, rough, good grade, clean bath towel will give you when you dry off. Rub hard.

The Finish

Finish off with your favorite talcum or bath powder; brush your hair, add a dash of fragrance, and look in your mirror. You'll see what's meant by the beauty of cleanliness, but more important than that you'll know the meaning of "relaxation."

In ONE magic box TINTEX brings you a dye for EVERY fabric
And it costs ONLY 10¢
(LARGE SIZE 15¢)

Yes, in a *single* box, Tintex offers you a dye for *every* fabric—at *no* increase in price! That's why you should *insist* on ALL-FABRIC Tintex! With Tintex you don't have to worry what the material is you want to dye—Tintex dyes it *easily, perfectly.* Celanese, rayon, nylon or *any* other fabric. Buy ALL-FABRIC Tintex in the *same* Gray Box millions have bought for years. 10¢ and 15¢ sizes at drug, department and 10¢ stores.

OVER 50 SMART COLORS

Tintex
All-fabric
TINTS & DYES

PARK & TILFORD PRODUCT

In words and pictures The American Weekly in this and other issues relates the great happenings of the past, today and the future so that all can understand.

POSED ESPECIALLY BY DIANA LYNN, CURRENTLY APPEARING IN THE NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"

DOLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

(New slant on an old favorite)

3 tbsps butter or margarine
½ cup brown sugar
4 slices Dole Pineapple
Maraschino cherries
or walnuts
⅓ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
1 tsp. vanilla
1¼ cups sifted flour
¼ tsp. salt
1½ tsp baking powder
½ cup syrup from Dole Pineapple Slices

Topping: Melt 3 tbsps butter or margarine in an 8 inch square pan, sprinkle with ½ cup brown sugar, arrange over sugar 4 slices Dole Pineapple, with halves of maraschino cherries or walnuts in centers.

Cake Batter: Gradually add sugar to shortening, creaming till fluffy. Add egg and vanilla and beat well. Add alternately small amounts of sifted dry ingredients and pineapple syrup, beating smooth after each addition. Spread batter over pineapple slices in pan, and bake in moderate oven (350°) 50 to 60 minutes. Let stand 5 minutes, then turn out on plate. Serve warm. Serves 6 or 8.

CAREFUL, JUNIOR . . .

Sister's plans for a Pineapple Upside-Down Cake seem to be threatened. But who can blame Junior—he looks upon a slice of Dole Pineapple as a "golden opportunity" to help himself.

And speaking of opportunities, you'll be glad to know that supplies of Dole Pineapple Products are being regularly scheduled for your grocer's shelves. So be on the lookout for a can of Dole. When you see one, that's *your* "golden opportunity" to try this new, point-saving recipe for Dole Pineapple Upside-Down Cake.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PRODUCTS DOLE

Can she "make it do"?

"She can make it do Wonders!"

SAYS KATE SMITH

"JUST SHOW ME the merican woman who isn't a fel-saving whiz, these days! And hat a great big pat on the back yorate from Uncle Sam every time ya 'eat it up' or 'make it do'!

"Haven't you noted, too, that most women are getting a real kk out of this home-front tussle with food savin? It shows up in so many of the letters you sen me nowadays—the pride you feel in seeing ju how tempting and delicious your patriotidishes can be.

"Many of you has been nice enough to say my Jell-O and Jell-Oludding recipes really *help*. So here are two more—and there are *lots* more in my new recipe booklet."

Send for this booklet—
"Bright Spots for Wartime Meals"

Dozens of ration-wise ideas for making attractive dishes that use up every bit of food. For your copy, send 6¢ in stamps to General Foods, Dept. *A. W. 4-44*, Battle Creek, Michigan. Offer expires Oct. 1, 1944. Good only in U. S. A.

● **Listen in to the new, hour-long Kate Smith show. Every Friday evening on the entire Columbia network. 8 P. M. EWT; 7 P. M. CWT; 6 P. M. MWT; 9 P. M. PWT.**

ORANGE MOSS

1 package Lemon or Orange Jell-O
1½ cups hot water
1 to 2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
½ cup half cream (evaporated milk)

Dissolve Jell-O in hot water. Add sugar, orange juice and rind. Chill until slightly thickened. Place in bowl of ice and water and whip with rotary egg beater until fluffy and thick like whipped cream. Fold in cream. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with orange slices and mint, if desired. Makes 6 servings.

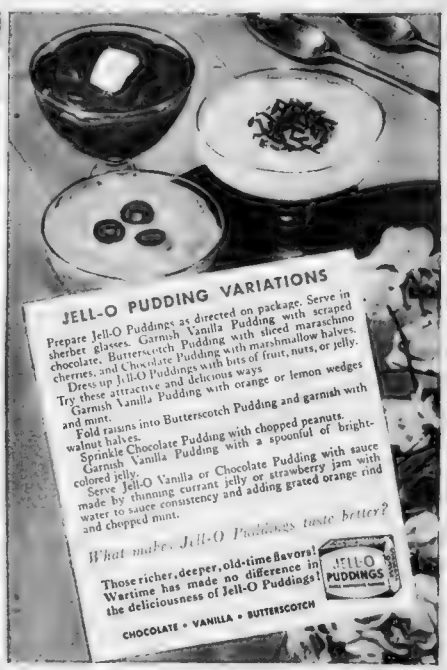
Note. Omit sugar if evaporated milk is used.

What makes Jell-O taste better?

That exclusive "locked-in" goodness! There's no wartime let-down in Jell-O's superior quality and flavor!

JELL-O

STRAWBERRY • RASPBERRY • CHERRY • ORANGE • LEMON • LIME



JELL-O PUDDING VARIATIONS

Prepare Jell-O Puddings as directed on package. Serve in sherbet glasses. Garnish Vanilla Pudding with scraped chocolate, Butterscotch Pudding with sliced maraschino cherries, and Chocolate Pudding with marshmallow halves.

Dress up Jell-O Puddings with bits of fruit, nuts, or jelly. Try these attractive and delicious ways:

Garnish Vanilla Pudding with orange or lemon wedges and mint.

Fold raisins into Butterscotch Pudding and garnish with walnut halves.

Sprinkle Chocolate Pudding with chopped peanuts.

Garnish Vanilla Pudding with a spoonful of bright-colored jelly.

Serve Jell-O Vanilla or Chocolate Pudding with sauce made by thinning currant jelly or strawberry jam with water to sauce consistency and adding grated orange rind and chopped mint.

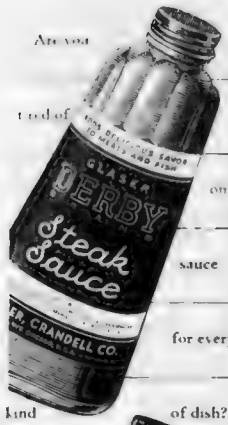
What makes Jell-O Puddings taste better?

Those richer, deeper, old-time flavors! Wartime has made no difference in the deliciousness of Jell-O Puddings!

JELL-O PUDDINGS

CHOCOLATE • VANILLA • BUTTERSCOTCH

How to get your fair share . . . Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings go off your grocer's shelves fast these days—and of course supplies are limited by sugar rationing. But every effort is being made to distribute the supply fairly, and your grocer will try to see that you get your fair share, if you ask him. Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings are products of General Foods.



Are you tired of one sauce for every kind of dish?

Each Derby Sauce has its own distinctive, tangy flavor to "perk-up" the goodness of everything you cook!

Ask for Free "Wartime Recipe" booklet!

GLASER'S Derby sauces

WARTIME RECIPE BOOK

First aid for clever cooks

Glaser, Crandell Co., Dept. J, Chicago
Send free copy of "Stretching Foods in Wartime" with 69 recipe suggestions.
Name
Address
City State

The "OLD RELIABLE"
Used Since 1889 to Tint Faded or
GRAY HAIR

Every druggist knows that thousands of men and women use CARL DAMSCHINSKY'S internationally famous HAIR TINT because it's absolutely dependable . . . easy to use . . . and economical. Requires no skin test. Complete satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Comes in 6 shades. Costs only 60¢ (Double size economy package $1). Ask any druggist for

DAMSCHINSKY'S
HAIR TINT
FAMOUS FOR OVER 50 YEARS

HOUSEHOLD ALMANACK

Spring Tonic Salads

and a new trick with aspic

By FLORENCE BROBECK
Author of
"Cook It in a Casserole"

REMEMBER those old sulphur-and herb tonics our grandmothers talked about? Came spring and the dosing with some such mixture was sure to be forced on the young fry if not on some of the grown-ups as well.

Today's spring tonics come out of the garden and the vegetable market. Salads! Crisp, cool green ones, dressed appetizingly, served beautifully, pack tonic vitamins in every mouthful. They taste good. They are easily and quickly prepared and today they are called essential foods. Essential because they supply minerals, especially iron, and vitamins A and C, with some B. And they add enjoyment to a meal because of their color and contrasting flavors.

Vary your salads by using some raw fruits such as apple, pear, orange or grapefruit. Use different greens such as lettuce, romaine, escarole, chicory or watercress. Use raw vegetables such as small sections of cauliflower, carrot strips, chopped spinach, celery, celeriac or celery root, green pepper, onion, alligator pear and whatever is available. Don't forget the herbs. They are neither expensive nor rare today. Of these try a small pinch of dried or fresh marjoram, or a few chopped fresh chives in the salad bowl. The family will like this flavor.

Easy Aspic

Salad on the plate looks still better if you add a cube or slice of a well prepared aspic to it. This also gives more food value to the salad.

Here is an easy trick for making aspic quickly. If you want tomato aspic, take the top off a No. 2 can of tomato juice. Pour one-half cup of the juice into a measuring cup or bowl. Soften one envelope (one tablespoon) of plain gelatine in the cup of juice. Place this over hot water until the gelatine is dissolved.

Meanwhile stir into the tomato juice in the can one-half teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon scraped onion, one-half teaspoon worcestershire sauce, one tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar and a few grains of sugar and pepper.

Now pour the dissolved gelatine mixture from the cup back into the can. Set the can in a cold part of the refrigerator until the aspic is firm. Stir it only once after it has been in the refrigerator one-half hour.

When ready to slice the aspic for salad, dip the bottom of the can into hot water a few seconds. Insert a long-bladed knife or spatula down into the can between the side of the aspic and the can. Run the knife around to loosen the aspic. Slip it out on a cold plate. Slice it or cut in cubes. Arrange it on the salad plates. Use grapefruit or vegetable juice the same way; but omit vinegar, pepper and worcestershire when you make grapefruit aspic.

French Dressing

The most simple dressing for a tossed green salad, fruit salads and others is French Dressing made with the best oil you can get and seasonings.

½ cup salad oil
2 tablespoons mild vinegar, or lemon juice
1 tablespoon onion juice
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon sugar
½ teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon paprika

Mix the dry ingredients, add the oil and stir until well blended. Add the vinegar and lemon juice and beat or shake well until the mixture thickens slightly. This makes about one-half cup. Add more salt if you like. Make a large quantity and keep it in a bottle in the refrigerator. Shake it just before using.

Vary this to suit your taste, adding a little grated cheese, or horseradish, or chopped pickle, chopped chutney or a little catsup.

And don't overlook the excellent ready-made salad dressings—both French dressings and mayonnaise and whip types. Also highly seasoned cookery and meat sauces are used by experienced salad makers to vary the dressing flavor from time to time.

Idea

Juicy frankfurts are a good buy, for there's no waste. Slice "franks" lengthwise and stuff with mashed potatoes, pickle relish, cheese and mustard, or sauerkraut. Secure with toothpicks, wrap with bacon, and broil or bake until bacon is crisp and meat sizzling hot. Delicious with a crisp salad.

Vegetable Care

All raw vegetables headed for the salad bowl should be washed, drained and stored in your refrigerator until time for serving. Cooking greens should be washed and drained, then piled loosely in a container to prevent bruising. Keep them cold until time for cooking. Snap beans, limas, peas and corn should be kept cold and are better when left in the pod or husk until almost time for cooking.

Four Low-Point Dinners

Scalloped Vegetables and Chicken
Coleslaw with Tomato Juice Aspic
Whole Wheat Bread
Butter or Fortified Margarine
Butterscotch Pie
Coffee or Tea

* * *

Beef Heart and Kidney Pie
Baked Potatoes
Buttered Cabbage
Tossed Green Salad
Rye Bread
Butter or Fortified Margarine
Gingerbread and Applesauce
Beverage

* * *

Baked Stuffed Fish
Parsley Potatoes
String Beans
Tomato Aspic Salad and Hard-Cooked Eggs
Rolls and Butter or Fortified Margarine
Brownies Beverages

* * *

Noodle Soup and Crackers
Frankfurters and Escalloped Potatoes
Salad of Orange, Onions, Apple
French Dressing
Oatmeal Bread and Butter or Fortified Margarine
Marmalade or Jelly
Beverage

ALMANACK BREAD AND ROLLS RECIPE CHART

HAVE you sent a three-cent stamp for your 15 Favorite Bread and Roll Recipes Chart? If you haven't, you'd better get your request in the mail today. Now that you're again baking more in your own kitchen, you'll be pleased with the recipes for many of your old favorites that you had forgotten, and you'll find new ones that will please your family's taste.

ALMANACK CHARTS
959 EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

"This proves a quick cleanser doesn't have to be gritty!"

Rub a little Bon Ami between your fingers. Feel how soft and fine it is. Not a bit of the harsh, coarse grit that can scratch and dull your bathtub or sink. Yet—safe and gentle as Bon Ami is—you couldn't ask for a faster, more effective cleanser. And it's so easy on your hands! Keep a package handy in both bathroom and kitchen!

Bon Ami

for all your cleaning

"hasn't scratched yet!"

Quick Scalloped Dishes

SHORTAGES at the market are so likely to play hob with your shopping list that it is almost necessary these days to plan a substitute menu, and buy the substitutes if you can't get your first choices. If you can't get meat, buy eggs, for they make a protein-rich meal; or make a milk soup for that meal; or add a cheese sauce to eggs, or to a cereal dish to build up its protein count.

High Food Value

If fresh vegetables are not available there are the quick-frozen, dried or canned ones in good variety. Peas, beans, corn or almost any other quick-frozen vegetable can be turned into a flavorable scallop this way: cook the vegetable according to the directions on the box. Hard-cook four eggs while the vegetable cooks. Slice the eggs and arrange with the cooked vegetable in alternate layers with white sauce in a greased casserole. Sprinkle the top generously with buttered crumbs. Set the baking dish in a pan of hot water and bake it in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) until the top is browned. This serves four to six.

Scalloped leftovers make a filling addition to the menu. Cooked meat, fish, chicken or vegetables can be arranged with hard-cooked eggs as in the recipe above. Or combine left-over vegetables and meat, cover with white sauce and crumbs and bake till the crumbs are browned. Add grated cheese to the sauce.

Good Flavor

Add one or two chopped oysters to a sauce used on fish and vegetables; put a layer of left-over mashed potato on top of the mixture and brown as above.

Their Slow Day-long Baking Is Why You Like 'Em Best

Always ask for B & M Brick-Oven Baked Beans. They're actually baked (not steamed) slowly . . . all day long . . . to give you that famous, extra-delicious, real New England flavor. Whenever your Grocer is out, remember it's this long, slow baking that prevents our hurrying these Down East treats to you. Burnham & Morrill Company, Portland 2, Maine.

GENUINE NEW ENGLAND B&M BRICK-OVEN BAKED BEANS

For New Glamor -the only "COLOR-KEYED" Face Powder in the World

BANISH misfit make-up! Be your loveliest! Simply choose your correct colors from the Park & Tilford Shade Selector below. It's America's most sensational beauty discovery! Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to super fineness ...stays on for hours... never cakes. $1, 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ purse sizes at drug, department and variety stores. Buy Park & Tilford Face Powder, for new glamor ... today!

FIND YOUR COLOR GROUP

GROUP 1 (FAIR) — NATURAL, LIGHT RACHEL, BARK RACHEL

GROUP 2 (MEDIUM) — ROSE GLOW, DARK ROSE GLOW, GOLDEN RACHEL, BRUNETTE

GROUP 3 (DARK) — LIGHT NUT BROWN, NUT BROWN

In YOUR GROUP choose the darker shades for daytime, the lighter for evening.

PARK & TILFORD "COLOR-KEYED" Face Powder

Patterns You'll Like

PATTERN 3681—Young kiddies' complete wardrobe. Sizes 1 to 6. Size 6 requires 2 yards 35-inch fabric; slip, 1¼ yards 35-inch; panties, ⅝ yard 35-inch.

PATTERN 3682—Cool, flattering two-piecer. Sizes 12 to 20, 30 to 48. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3004—Crocheted pill box and bag.

EACH PATTERN together with a needlework pattern of useful and decorative motifs for linens and garments, TWENTY CENTS.

Write plainly SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER. Send your order to the AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 Sixth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Hot Dan's sandwich is quick, delicious: Spread one slice of bread with French's; the other with peanut butter; put the 2 slices together. Fine for hearty appetites!

A blend of the finest spices and mustard seed money can buy!

Largest Selling Prepared Mustard in U.S.A. Today

Bert's war job gets clothes mighty dirty . . . but DUZ does 'em easy!

DUZ does Everything

—ALL 3 KINDS OF WARTIME WASH!

1
NO SOAP CAN GET **TOWELS WHITER** THAN **DUZ** DOES' EM . . . HERE'S PROOF!
2
EVEN BERT'S **WORK-CLOTHES** COME CLEAN **EASY** WITH **DUZ** – AND THAT'S A REAL TEST.
3
YET **DUZ** IS **SAFER** FOR COLORS – SAFER EVEN FOR PRETTY **RAYON UNDIES!** HELPS CLOTHES LAST LONGER.
DUZ
SAFE SUDS! WHITER WASHES!
cleaner

DUZ does MORE!

Imagine a soap that can't be beat for getting things white and clean—that gives you extra safety, too! That's DUZ—it's safer for colors than any other leading washday soap. DUZ does everything!

DON'T WASTE SOAP—MAKE DUZ DO MORE!

Measure DUZ in a cup or glass. A little DUZ a lot.

Soak clothes in clear, cool water before washing.

Use the same DUZ suds for several loads of clothes.

Give Spring Freshness to the House

By JANE TEN BROECK

Photograph Courtesy Speed-Easy.

Photograph Courtesy Speed-Easy

AFTER you have cleaned house for the spring, and some of the furniture suddenly looks shabby, or you notice that the papered walls are faded and streaked, there are still some simple things you can do to give the rooms a new dress.

Don't be timid about using paints to refinish furniture and to freshen walls. Don't be shy about making a slipcover for a favorite chair on which the upholstery is faded and worn. Both painting and slipcover-making are easy. Refinishing such walls costs little and is quickly and simply done today with the new oil-type flat paints which come in paste form. These paints are not a calcimine, yet they are thinned with water. Because they dry so quickly (about one hour) a room can be redecorated in the morning and made livable again before nightfall.

Easy Painting

Use such paint right over old wallpaper, or painted or unpainted plaster, brick, or almost any surface except glazed tile. A single coat is usually sufficient, saving the bother of applying primers and under coats. It flows on rapidly and produces a smooth, even finish without brush marks. Also it is washable so that fingermarks, smudges and such can be cleaned off with mild soap and water.

If you have never made a slipcover for a chair or sofa, it would be a good idea to use some old fabric or the cheapest unbleached muslin you can find, and cut and sew a trial cover.

Or take a few lessons at the local sewing center. You can count on professional looking results, too, if you learn to take accurate measurements and learn the latest decorator tricks that make trimming and stitching an easy job.

If you are buying new fabrics, always find out whether they are pre-shrunk and sun-fast. Be sure to check whether they are tubbable or whether they must be dry-cleaned.

New Fabrics

The newest and most popular trick for accenting slipcovers in the modern manner is to use on the skirt a dramatic floral border that's easily appliqued with the sewing machine's little zigzagger attachment that embroiders as it stitches. Above the skirt, the body of the slipcover is perfectly plain.

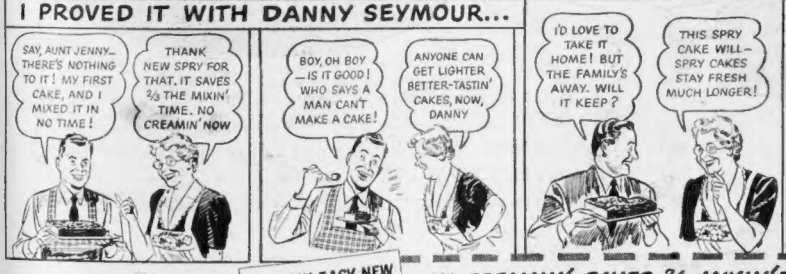
For other covers solid colors or small prints in cretonnes, chintz and other fabrics are easiest to work with and the most economical.

(To guide you in cutting, fitting and making such covers there are free instruction sheets. Send your own stamped, addressed envelope for these to The Household Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, New York.

NOW EVEN A MAN CAN MAKE A CAKE
WITH NEW EASY-MIX SPRY
SAYS AUNT JENNY

Anyone can get delicious lighter cakes that stay fresh longer

I PROVED IT WITH DANNY SEYMOUR...

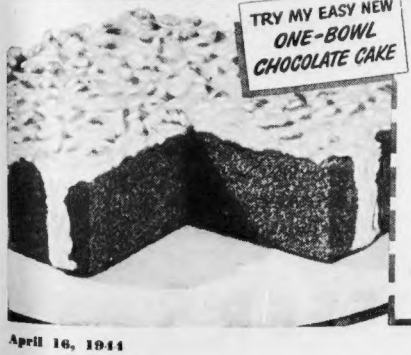

SAY, AUNT JENNY—THERE'S NOTHING TO IT! MY FIRST CAKE, AND I MIXED IT IN NO TIME!
THANK NEW SPRY FOR THAT. IT SAVES ⅔ THE MIXIN' TIME. NO CREAMIN' NOW
BOY, OH BOY—IS IT GOOD! WHO SAYS A MAN CAN'T MAKE A CAKE!
ANYONE CAN GET LIGHTER BETTER-TASTIN' CAKES, NOW, DANNY
I'D LOVE TO TAKE IT HOME! BUT THE FAMILY'S AWAY. WILL IT KEEP?
THIS SPRY CAKE WILL—SPRY CAKES STAY FRESH MUCH LONGER!

"PROUD an' happy—that's Danny, an' that's all the other folks who've made a grand success of cake with New Easy-Mix Spry an' my simple new 2-step method! Have you tried 'em yet?

"Thanks to new Spry you can mix a cake in ⅔ less time! No creamin' to wear your arm out . . . no long beatin' . . . no worry about how much to beat. An' you have only *one* bowl to wash up, even for this dandy chocolate cake.

"But the most thrillin' part of all is the delicious lighter, richer tastin' cakes you get! An' if your admirin' family can resist gobblin' 'em right up you'll find they stay fresh an' moist much longer!

"Change to pure, all-vegetable Spry for *all* your bakin' an' fryin' . . . save scarce, high-point butter for table use."



TRY MY EASY NEW ONE-BOWL CHOCOLATE CAKE

NO CREAMIN'—SAVES ⅔ MIXIN' TIME WITH NEW SPRY 2-STEP METHOD

Dry Ingredients
1 cup sifted flour (cake flour preferred)
1 cup sugar
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
¼ cup Spry

Liquid Ingredients
¼ cup milk (sour or sweet)
1 egg, unbeaten

To make 2—8-in. layers, double these amounts—and make double frosting.

Pour 1½ cup boiling water over 2 ounces chocolate in mixing bowl; stir until melted. Measure other ingredients while chocolate cools. Mix Spry's easy 2-step way . . .

Step 1. *Mix dry ingredients with chocolate mixture* Into mixing bowl with chocolate mixture, sift flour, sugar, salt and soda. Drop in Spry. No creaming needed with New Spry. Beat until smooth—about 100 strokes. Scrape bowl and spoon and mix well.

Step 2. *Add liquids and mix* Add milk and egg and beat until smooth—about 100 strokes. Scrape and mix. Notice the smoother, easier-pouring batter. Bake in Spry-coated 8 x 8-inch pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 45 minutes.

Spread this frosting on cake:

PENUCHE NUT FROSTING

Into saucepan put 1 cup brown sugar (firmly packed), ¼ cup milk, ¼ cup Spry, ¼ teaspoon salt. Bring slowly to a full rolling boil, stirring constantly; boil 1 minute. Beat until lukewarm. Add 1 teaspoon cream, ½ teaspoon vanilla; beat until thick enough to spread. (Mixture may be still warm.) Add ½ cup nuts, cut; spread on cake. Frosts top of 8 x 8-inch cake.

Grand for ALL Bakin', Fryin'

"Don't forget that pure, all-vegetable Spry is great for *all* your bakin' an' fryin' . . . If you want your family to eat their plates clean like Uncle Sam says you should, change to Spry right now."

NEW SPRY
NOW AT YOUR GROCER'S IN SAME HANDY JAR

REMEMBER—"Use New Spry in all your old favorite recipes, too"

TO MAKE YOUR PENS WRITE BETTER...

ASK FOR Skrip

INSTEAD OF INK!

AND GET THE Top Well Bottle!

1 CONVENIENT! Skrip where you and your pen want it! At the top of the bottle! You'd pay a quarter for this convenience alone, if you didn't get it free with Skrip.

2 CLEAN! Your fingers and your pen stay clean. Top well eliminates danger of soilage because only the feed part of your pen need enter the bottle! (See A) In ordinary bottles, pen gets dirty, and consequently fingers, from ink around neck. (See B)

3 ECONOMY! Even the *last* few drops of Skrip go in the top well where your pen can get at it! (See Y) Ordinary bottles waste up to 25% of the contents since gold point must be completely immersed in order to fill. (See X)

4 SAFETY! Skrip bottles have perfect balance. They rest firmly on desk or table tops!

5 EXTRA FEATURE! The Magic Circle Cap absorbs excess fluid on top rim of bottle! Therefore threads stay clean, and cap is always easy to remove.

Listen to **SHEAFFER'S PARADE** *with* **UPTON CLOSE**
NBC Complete Network—Sundays
3 to 3:30 P.M. E.W.T.; 2 to 2:30 P.M. C.W.T.;
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Only Sheaffer's *Skrip*—the largest selling writing fluid in the world—comes in the bottle with the special TOP WELL! All other writing fluid containers are BOTTOM WELL bottles . . . difficult and messy to use! And—when you buy Skrip, you pay nothing extra for this added convenience. Try Skrip! You'll find the TOP WELL handy and money-saving—lets your pen use EVERY drop of fluid! You'll find, too, that Skrip will make any kind of a pen WRITE BETTER . . . last longer . . . and require less servicing because it KEEPS PENS CLEAN by not allowing them to get dirty—it is the easiest of all writing fluids on metal and rubber parts! Quick-Drying—so fast no blotter is needed. Ask for Skrip in the metal-saving, money-saving REGULAR SIZE—25c. School Size—15c. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa.

SHEAFFER'S

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